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OUR PARIAHS

AMONG THE TRAMPS

THE TRAMP'S PARADISE

SLIM JIM'S STORY

PAT SHORTY, THE COAL-DIGGER

JAKE TRUEHEART, THE FARMER

PROFESSOR TRUMP

BY

UNCLE TIM

CHICAGO, NEW YORK, AND SAN FRANCISCO

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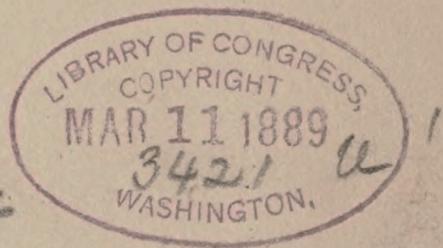
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MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

The Hon. William R. Morrison,

THAT FEARLESS PIONEER AND FAR-SIGHTED STATESMAN,

WHO, SINGLE-HANDED AND ALONE,

FIRST UNFURLED THE BANNER OF TARIFF REFORM IN

THE FACE OF THE MIGHTY PHALANX OF ORGANIZED

SELFISH GREED AND LEGALIZED ROBBERY.

AMONG THE TRAMPS.

THE TRAMP'S PARADISE.

"HELLO, stranger!"

"Hello, yourself! Who are you?"

"No objection to tell, but it is quite a long story. Let us sit down under that apple-tree. I am awful tired—just counted no less than twenty miles of rails. Am plum worn out; and if you keep any grub about this here camp of yours, I'll just invite myself for a social bite."

"I should smile, if you don't just strike it rich. You want to understand that this is the regular tramp's paradise. I have eaten my fill, and my pockets are overflowing with chunks of bread, sausage, cheese, and ham.

Help yourself, old boy; and when you get through we'll compare notes for better acquaintance. I'll hear your story, and you'll hear mine. But here is some more company—two of them, sure enough. Wonder who they may be. Great Jehominy! if that ain't my old farmer-boss, Jake Trueheart, for whom I used to work years ago! But how changed he is! Hello, Jake! good old fellow, how are the folks? Where, in Heaven's name, do you come from? Have you turned tramp too?"

"Great Scott! Pat Shorty, is that you? Mighty glad to meet you, to be sure. You hardly ever expected to find me in such a company, did you? Nor me neither, you bet. Since you are here, I begin to feel a little more at home. I'll tell you later what happened with me and my once so happy home, and all you want to know; it is a sad story, I tell you. But what am I doing here? Come, allow me to introduce to you my friend Professor Trump—and I tell you

he is just all that his name implies. I met him about two weeks ago, and have, for a fact, learned more from him in a few days than I had ever known before, and I thought myself a pretty good scholar. Oh, you'll learn to know and admire him right off, I am sure. By the bye, that little Dutch town back of the mill is a daisy, I bet you. Professor and myself just went through a couple of streets, and look here what we've got; any amount of victuals, a whole tin bucket full of beer, a flask of applejack, and fruits of all kinds, besides a pocketful of pipes for an after-supper quiet smoke. But who is yonder fellow with the wonderful coyote appetite?"

"Ask him yourself, Jake; he was so tired and hungry that, like the Scotch laddie, 'he dinna choose to tell,' and, having had plenty myself, I let him quietly masticate, without boring him with further inquiries."

"Oh, never mind, boys; my name is Slim Jim. We'll get better acquainted pretty

soon and, with your permission, I will tell you more as soon as I get through eating, upon condition that every one present shall give us in turn something of a biographical sketch of his experience with the world."

"Agreed all around," answered Jake; "and if you talk as well as you eat, old boy, I bet that yours will be a treat. Professor, suppose we start a fire; you have some sugar left, and a warm grog would not be amiss to drive away malaria. This is a delightful night, without doubt, but it might turn slightly cool towards morning."

This conversation took place in an old orchard behind the mill on the western limits of a small Illinois town, not very far from the Mississippi River. A bright fire was soon in full blaze; and the four cronies, all more or less the worse for wear, having satisfied the several wants of their stomachs, squatted down in varied attitudes, lazily contemplating the bright flames and smoking their short pipes, while the moon was

slowly hiding behind the dense foliage of a clump of willow trees.

The one that had been called Professor was the first to break the silence, by exclaiming :

"Pat Shorty, a little while ago, as you were crossing the branch yonder, I heard you state to the new-comer, Slim Jim, that this is the tramp's paradise. Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"Look here, Professor," replied Pat, "I'll tell you. You don't seem to be as well acquainted around these diggings as I am. This is the boss place for us, for several important reasons. First, the entire police force of this town consists of a lazy, one-armed, slow coach, Grand Army man, who would not arrest a tramp if he could, and could not if he would. Second, since twenty-eight years no one else but barkeepers were ever elected justices of the peace or police-magistrates in this place; and they are only too glad when no official duties demand their atten-

tion. Third, the town is perfectly alive with widows. There are no less than eight of them in the two blocks that lead from the depot; and, as you are well aware, a woman is always flattered by the love even of a beggar in rags. We just pretend to admire them immensely, which never fails to catch them. Some are young, and some are old; some are wealthy, and some are poor. Most of them are poor; and, the poorer they are, the more charitable you will find them. One of them is quite young and very good-looking. She lives with her father, a wealthy capitalist, that owns five or six big farms. She draws a large pension from the government for having married a man who had been in the army, and died a few years later from the jim-jams. I'd like to kiss her, all the same. But she is not quite as generous with us as the government has been with her. Fourth, all these little women are evidently good Lutherans, for they all rather preach than hear the mass; but, unlike the

clergyman, they regularly give you something instead of collecting after sermon. It does me good sometimes to listen to their kind remonstrances, while, probably, to soothe my susceptible feelings, they carefully prepare me a couple of monster sandwiches, nicely wrapped up in old newspapers. Like Lord Disraeli, of all those whom I have known, I chiefly remember those who forgot themselves, most specially an old one who once made the unexpected attempt to tickle my sensibilities with the bald-headed end of a broom. It is astonishing how much more demonstrative women become with age. The young ones are modest and reserved enough, but some seem to wear petticoats simply lest they should be mistaken for males. But I digress from the subject. A further potent reason in favor of this town is the fact that the brewer and the distiller nearly always have some sort of a job for a tramp or two, and are not as chary of their samples as your common cigar or whiskey

drummer. Butchers, hog-dealers, and sausage-makers form here the bulk of the board of education, but richly compensate for that pardonable sin by keeping whole strings of smoked tongues and sausages in convenient reach of open windows. And last, but not least, the good old miller, who planted this orchard, always forgets to gather his apples until we are about through with them, and I have got an idea that he does it on purpose. God bless him for it, anyhow.

"If you want a better tramp's paradise than this, you must certainly be pretty hard to suit. For my part, I don't."

"And now, friends, let Slim Jim fill his pipe and begin his promised narration, after which each one of us may follow suit as before agreed."

SLIM JIM'S STORY.

I AM A TRAMP.

"I AM a tramp by war necessity and for revenue only, thereby uniting in my platform both extreme planks of the Republican and of the Democratic creeds.

"Solomon was born a king and a wise man; I was born a tramp and a fool.

"What is the inherent difference between a king and a tramp? Good kings are very scarce—much scarcer even than good tramps. Bad kings have often done more harm in one hour than any bad tramp in a whole lifetime. Plain as daylight, the scale is in favor of tramps. I am a tramp.

"Where are kings and tramps before their birth? Where are they after their death? While they live, their story is short. The one is clad in silks, jewels, and gold; the

other in dirty rags. The one is worshipped, honored, fed upon selected bits; the other is kicked about, despised, and fed upon rejected crumbs. Both are more feared than loved. Still there are more sighs, more tears, more of abject misery in the making of a single tassel of the king's mantle than in the whole suits of a dozen tramps.

"Unless my religion is wrong, the history of the world a lie, and the philosophers and poets all a set of abused fools, I cannot hesitate for a single instant between a king and a tramp. I am a tramp.

"I said that I was born a fool; so everybody says of me, and it may be true. I don't deny it. Who is truly wise but he who acknowledges himself a fool? He who calls himself wise is a fool; he that calls himself a fool is wise. That being the case, I am in fact no longer a fool, but a wise man, after all.

"The moral of which is: If you want to appear wise, call yourself a fool. You won't

hit very far from the mark, anyhow; but you may agreeably surprise some by showing yourself actually wiser than they ever expected you to be. If you want in earnest to be wise, learn first to know that you are a fool. If you want to be the greatest, learn to be the smallest. I am a tramp.

“Other people work, trade, bargain, accumulate, speculate, own houses, lands, horses, cattle, and crops—and what else? But I don’t; I own nothing. I am a tramp.”

WORK A SLAVERY.

“I do not like to work, I must confess; work was a bad invention. Mules alone ought to work. Work is merely a kind of disguised slavery, anyhow; and unequally distributed, at that. I, a free-born American citizen, work? No. I am a tramp.

“Some people affect to believe that slavery was abolished. On paper? Yes. In fact? No. On the contrary, there is just a little more of it. There has been only a

change of owners on one side, and the addition of millions of white slaves on the other.

"The kings of finance, the monopolists, the protected barons, the bold robbers of Wall Street, and such like, that neither spin nor toil, but still amass millions because millions toil for them, are they not actually and *de facto* slaveowners?

"Are not all our workingmen compelled to work, either to fill a contract, or to pay old or new debts, or to support families, or for a living? Is not every form of compulsory labor a slavery?

"What difference does it make if the slave knows his owner or not? Or if the owner ever sees his slave or not? What difference does it make if the slave works for one or two masters, or for a corporation, or for the State, county, township, school, city, town, village, pauper, road, or bridge taxes? And compulsory work is slavery.

"A debtor is a slave to the extent of the

interest he must work out regularly. Every one is a slave in proportion to the taxes, interest, or labor he must furnish. But the pill is carefully sugar-coated by means of the so-called tariff on foreign goods. If he had to face the tax-gatherer at every step, the slave might revolt.

“Since the war, every workingman in the land is compelled, by law, to work so many hours every day for the benefit of certain protected masters, that could not thrive otherwise—so they say. Thus, protected capitalists have been actually made legal slave-owners. Whoever buys anything, except, perhaps, diamonds, silks, attar of roses, and such absolute necessities of life, is required to contribute from fifty cents to one dollar, or even more, for every dollar’s worth he purchases, to help some smart Yankee to make a living. This is your modern Socialism, barring the name.

“The more the slave works, the richer his

master; the richer the master, the poorer the slave.

“It is odd, it is unjust, but absolutely true. Capital builds factories and employs hands, because it pays, or it is expected to pay. The more the hands work, the more they produce; the more they produce, the cheaper the goods; the cheaper the goods, the lower the wages, until work is suspended and the slave is starving. So with railroads, the more are built, the livelier the competition, the lower the rates, the lower the wages—and the slave goes begging.

“If, without option, I have to labor for some one else, be it a lord, a corporation, or a State, and receive only a part of the benefit of my labor, the bulk going to others, am I not a slave?

“Having yet my choice of callings between that of slave and that of slave-owner, I shall not be found among the first class, you bet. I, a man made after God’s image, work as a slave? No. I am a tramp.

"I used to work hard and faithfully once, and, like others, toiled with all my might and energy, to earn what they called an honest penny; but I quit. I found that the penny I earned was not mine; at least, I was not allowed to keep it. There were always twenty hands stretched out to steal it from me.

"Between bribery and robbery, how could anything remain? I had to do the bribing; others attended to the robbing—both, again, measures of war necessity, you know.

"I had to bribe my boss by buying my necessaries at his store, for which he was so thankful that he cheated me in weight, measure, or quality of the goods. I looked around, my co-workmen and associates were receiving the same treatment and meekly smiling to the boss. I tried to smile too; but I hardly believe that I made much of a success of it.

"I had to bribe the foreman with a good cigar or a couple of drinks every time I met

him of an evening, in order to keep on his sunny side. Lord, how dry he was!

"I had to bribe my boarding-house tyrant to keep him from growling and grumbling when I happened to come late at meals or at night, and still he grumbled and growled.

"I had to bribe the waiters in order to get once in a while a fair piece of pie.

"To tell the truth, those I did not bribe robbed me, and those I did bribe robbed me, too.

"I quit bribing, and of course got discharged. Both boss and foreman began at once to discover several defects about me, and astonishingly agreed in complaining about irregularities on my part; made several deductions from my last pay; and, after I had settled all my bills, I turned my back upon civilization with a pretty light satchel, a sour feeling around my heart, and sixty-five cents in my pocket. They quit robbing me—when I had nothing left—for which I ought to be thankful, I presume. I swore I

would not work any more, and I kept my word. I am a tramp."

FOLLY OF ACCUMULATIONS.

"I do not like accumulations. Everything tastes as well out of a small bunch as out of a big heap. The wild cherries and blackberries, upon which we feed at times, are small; if they were the size of pumpkins, would they taste any better? A small oyster-canful of stale beer will do for the thirst just as well as a tubful, provided it is often refilled. I am not extravagant, you see. I am a tramp.

"When I see our gilded youth accumulating millions without ever working a single stroke, building marble palaces, while those that work and earn for them sleep in rotten shanties, I say to myself: 'Go it, boys, while you are young. The day of reckoning will come, and is probably nearer than you dream. The day will come when that capital of which you are so proud, and which is now so ar-

rogantly lording it over labor and laborers, will be put to chains and made to be the slave of labor. The day will come when the golden calf that you all so reverently worship will be overthrown and destroyed.'

"The more laws you enact in favor of capital, the more weights you add upon the safety-valve, the sooner that day will come.

"Accumulations of capital, like accumulations of landed estates, are equally dangerous to the human family, and will soon be relics of the past. You mind my word. I am a tramp.

"My father once accumulated nearly a hundred thousand dollars; that was my ruin. He had nothing else but accumulation on the brain, and forgot entirely both a devoted wife and his only child.

"Neglected and abused, poor mother died of a broken heart. The lid of her coffin was hardly screwed down tight when I was put into the care of strange hands, sent to school, and given twenty-five cents pocket-money a

week. That made me mad. I do not know but I am mad yet.

"I used to see father once or twice a year. He sometimes gave me half a dollar, sometimes a quarter, oftener nothing. He regularly impressed upon me what a great thing it was to save and accumulate in time, so as to have something in old age. I could not see it in that light, but said nothing. I often thought how different the world might have been to me if he had taken me once to Niagara Falls, or to the Catskills, or on a boat-excursion, or to some country fair, or to some concert, if only in a beer-garden—anywhere, where I could be for a single day with him, and get acquainted with him. But that would have cost some money or some inconvenience, and he had no time either; he must earn and accumulate. When he died, I was seventeen years old. I did not cry; I never liked the old miser. Six years later, I was through with every cent his executor left me. I had a grand old time of

it; and, candidly, I do not regret it at all, queer as it may sound. I am a tramp.

“Why accumulate riches to see your heirs watching curiously your every step and praying every minute—not even always in whispers—that you might soon depart?”

AN IDYLL.

“The executor of my father’s will was a preacher, a strict sectarian, with stern Calvinistic notions. A cold, heartless sort of a Christian, he governed his scanty flock with a steel-plated iron rod. Somehow, he was always executor, administrator, or guardian of every valuable estate within twenty miles around—a thing I never could account for. He had more notes and mortgages in his safe, than smiles upon his face during an entire year.

“I was taken to his house, and he undertook to teach and train me according to the most severe Christian discipline. I took it all in, without the least murmur, and ac-

cepted the situation so cheerfully that I staid at his place until I came of age. I kneeled down with the others at family prayers, and was soon becoming an exemplary Christian. My guardian never refused me any money if I wanted some, but I hardly ever cared for any. I stayed nearly always at home—a beautiful place on a high, partly wooded hill, just in the suburbs of the city, half farm, half pleasure-grounds.

“The secret reason of my extraordinary conduct is easily told. My guardian had a jewel of a daughter—a veritable angel among mortals—the exact opposite of her father.

“Two years my junior, she was not what you might call a beauty, but she was pretty, and merry as a lark. Her face was beaming with goodness and smiles. She was literally singing from morning till night. I lived four years in that house, and never saw her but smiling. Once, after a scolding from her father, I surprised her crying. She looked at me smiling, as ever, although the tears

were still trickling down her cheeks. I shall never forget that picture. It haunts me in my dreams. Those beautiful black eyes, shining and twinkling like two fiery diamonds. Her mother had departed this life several years before. A Southern woman, she had probably been frozen to death by that icicle of a preacher. No allusion was ever made to the mother, but the daughter had about everything her own way. She was in that house like a sunbeam in a dark prison cell, like a fresh, wild rose peeping out of a bunch of horse-weeds.

“I began to wake up; I began to live. A feeling of ineffable joy pervaded my whole being. At first I did hardly know where it came from. I did not know myself any more. Everything I looked at—the clouds, the trees, the grass, the chicks, the ducks, and the geese—for the first time in my life appeared so astonishingly beautiful! Involuntarily, a sentiment of religious thankfulness began to creep up under my vest. I loved

everything and everybody. By and by I caught myself following my sunbeam like a shadow. I helped my goddess in the garden, in the orchard, in the dairy—everywhere. Whenever I hurried to assist her, she turned her face to me with that heavenly smile of hers ; and I felt so supremely happy ! We drove, rode, walked, worked, and sang together ; but our sweetest moments were passed under an old crab-tree west of the orchard, where we met every afternoon when the weather allowed. There we exchanged our youthful experiences, our future hopes, full of our mutual love, but never daring even to whisper of it, as if afraid to tread upon sacred ground.”

A PREACHER'S FAITH.

“ Thus passed nearly four years of heavenly bliss. They seemed to me but a few months, when, on the eve of my majority, my guardian summoned me to his study.

“ ‘ Young man,’ began he, ‘ you are twenty-

one years old to-morrow. I shall now render my account and deliver the property intrusted to my care. And you'll now have to go out in the world and look for yourself. You will therefore pack up all your things and be ready at five o'clock to-morrow morning to leave this house forever. We shall first drive to the county-seat, where we shall settle before the probate judge, and then it is for you to decide which way you choose to go.'

"I was dumfounded; the earth seemed to vanish under my feet. I did murmur something of no hurry about settlement, etc., when old Sanctimony, standing up and stretching himself at full length, spoke in most severe terms: 'Young man, I have told you time and again that our duties must always be punctually and literally fulfilled, without the least evasion or tergiversation. To-morrow is the day when I must render my account, to-morrow is the day when my guardianship ceases, to-morrow the

law makes you your own master. What else do you want ?'

" The last five words seemed to give me courage. Yes, there was something else I wanted, more valuable to me than the whole world could ever be. I began, slowly and hesitatingly at first, soon somewhat bolder, until I grew perfectly eloquent, and even brilliant, confessing my humble and thus far still unspoken love for his adorable daughter, and asking him in the name of her and my future happiness, in the name of my deceased parents, whom he had known, in the name of God, whose servant he was, to permit and bless our union. I presume I was talking loud enough to be heard by the entire household.

" The warmer I spoke, the colder he seemed to grow. When I had finished, he remained motionless as a statue for fully five minutes, his cold, steel-gray eyes of a serpent seeming to bore through to the very bottom of my soul.

" ' Young man,' said he at last, ' I have my

doubts about the orthodoxy of your religious views. I presume, from your last remarks, that you at least acknowledge the existence of an almighty God ; you have also previously professed a belief in the bloody atonement of Christ. But this is by far not sufficient, in my mind ; a Christian's faith extends much farther. Tell me the truth now. Do you, or do you not believe in a devil, in hell, and in the eternal damnation of the wicked ?'

"I had to acknowledge that I did not know, nor had I ever given the matter much thought. How could I, after four years of paradise, even think of such a place as hell ?

"'I always suspected as much,' replied the preacher, and, elevating his voice to the highest pitch of scorn and severity, he continued in thundering tones : 'And you expect, after such a confession, that a minister of the holy Gospel could so far forget his duty to God and his allegiance to the Lord as to consent to trust the future and

salvation of his only child to the hands of a miserable heretic and unbeliever, as you confess yourself to be? No sir, no sir, never! never! never! Whoever does not believe most implicitly in hell and damnation shall never win my daughter. And, in the mean time, I will see that she is placed out of danger, and shall send her away immediately, where you never can find her. Besides, she is too dutiful a child to disobey the commands of her father.' I never saw her any more.

"Next morning, before departing, I visited the old crab-tree and found a few forget-me-nots wrapped in a piece of crumpled paper, whereupon was written with pencil, 'Thine forever.'"

MADNESS AND DESPAIR.

"The drive to the county-seat was a dull affair, not a word being spoken on the way.

"I had lost all interest in what was going on around me. Mechanically I took the papers and vouchers that were handed to

me, signed my name without knowing what for, and cannot even now recollect how and when the preacher departed.

"In less than two years I had spent, gambled, and given away every cent of the fortune so carefully saved by my father. That money seemed to be cursed; and I enjoyed a secret, diabolical voluptuousness in actually throwing it away. I would do it again if I had a chance. I can't help it. I am a tramp.

"I had been to Europe, and had seen the world, as they say. It had not made me any better. I returned to America, tired and nearly a pauper. When I had but a few dollars left, I concluded to attempt to see what had become of my love and my paradise. At dusk, I sneaked carefully around the home of the terrible preacher and met Biddy, an old servant, whom I knew well. At my sight, her apron flew in her face, and she began to moan and cry bitterly. After much inquiry, I obtained,

with difficulty, the crushing information that my love had shot herself through the heart, under the old crab-tree, less than a week before; that a paper addressed to me was found at her side with only two words, ‘Thine forever,’ written thereon; that the old preacher had shown himself as hard and heartless as ever, in conducting the burial ceremonies in person, as if nothing unusual had happened; and, on the grave of his daughter, had further publicly disgraced himself and the cloth in loudly proclaiming that the blood of his child rested upon the head of the author of an infamous book entitled, *‘Is Life Worth Living?’* found in his daughter’s room; and that on the day of judgment he would demand the blood of his child from that impious author. Just like him.

“For three days and three nights I wandered, in my endless misery, through the woods of the country, without knowing what I was doing. Hundreds of times the

idea of suicide suggested itself; hundreds of times I rejected it as too cowardly and unworthy of a man. What right had I to seek rest, after shamefully abandoning my love to her sad fate? Why had I squandered my fortune and my best years in madness? Why had I not returned before and strangled the old devil with my own hands?

"I watched a whole night at his door, with the firm intention of killing him, and of tearing him to pieces with my teeth. I was very sick. At early dawn some one opened the door ; I sprang up like a tiger. It was Biddy. She saw that I was crazed by grief, tried to comfort me, and began to cry. I softened and ran away to the woods. How long I wandered, I do not know.

"One morning the thought struck me that work was said to be the greatest comforter of mankind, and thus I went to work for a change, I, that had not worked for ever so long, and never for a living, and—well, I have told you already with what results.

"Work did not cure me, but in some manner I learned to forget; it lulled my poor heart to sleep. O forgetfulness, sleep, rest, death, total annihilation! Can there be a more heavenly comfort? Nirvana! Nirvana! thou art the only bliss.

"Maybe you don't like that kind of philosophy? I can't help it. I am a tramp.

SPECULATION.

"I hate speculation and speculators. Speculation is but a species of gambling, and I have seen enough of that in my time. There is no honest gambling, except among the losers, and that not always. To be a successful gambler or speculator, one must know how to shuffle, have his sleeves full of additional trumps, know all the dirty tricks of the trade, use only those his opponent overlooks, have a silent partner quietly looking into his opponent's hand; cheat, wrong, and defraud a hundred times an hour

with the most unconcerned and innocent face in the world.

"If you are a born deceiver, speculate ; if you have one cent's worth of honesty left, leave speculation to others less lucky than yourself.

"I once knew a man universally respected for his honesty and uprightness. He was in good circumstances, a model citizen, raised by the rules of Franklin and Jefferson, had a paying interest in a first-class factory (a regular little gold-mine, you might say), a delightful home of his own, a perfect love of a wife, a bevy of charming children, (the envy of any mortal), a farm stocked with the best breeds ; an old, wealthy father, whose pet he was, and who would have given his very last cent for him. He was also a leading man in the church and the master-spirit of several benevolent societies. The demon of Money-making got hold of him and never lost his grip. His children had to peddle milk, butter, and garden-truck, which they did cheer-

fully enough, God knows. His teams had to haul material for the builders and to retail fire-wood and coal all over the city; but that was not enough. He began to speculate in futures; a trifling margin brought him a profit of ten thousand dollars; that was his death. From that day he was gone. He speculated, lost and speculated again, and borrowed to speculate, until he thought he could borrow no more.

“They found him one day, dead and bleeding in his room, his smoking, double-barrelled gun by his side, only witness of his last breath.

“It is charitably supposed that, while meditating suicide and examining his gun for sinister purposes, the same was accidentally discharged, killing him on the spot. The mere contemplation of evil is too often its very messenger.

“It would be too cruel to suppose that he could, in his blind speculation craze, altogether forget a devoted wife, worshipping

children, his snow-haired father bent under the weight of years, his jolly partners, and hundreds of friends, preferring to leave all without even a parting word, because a vile speculation had not been successful.

“Hundreds, thousands of speculators, less deserving, perhaps, meet as sad a fate or die in poor-houses or penitentiaries.

“I hate the very name of speculation. I am a tramp.”

RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

“I own neither land nor houses, nor any other property. Many land-owners have nothing but trouble and contention to keep possession of what they love to call their own. It is often nothing but a most disgusting grab-game, where the so-called rightful owner is usually cleaned out. General Sutter owned the best part of California when gold was discovered, and died a pauper. He was calmly deprived of his property in the due course of the law, as they

mildly call it in legal lore. Smart lawyers out-generalized the general.

“‘The earth belongs to the Lord.’ Who pretends to own the land? Can any one show a clear title from the original owner? Who first obtained a quit-claim deed from Jehovah?”

“Evidently, some one first took possession of a piece of ground and held it until somebody else drove him away. The whites drove the Indians, and thus acquired title. To-day Uncle Sam is doing still the same, with a big pretence at purchase. We take their lands and give them, in exchange, shoddy goods and rotten provisions. They kick at times and run off to hunt and plunder, which gives us a good excuse to send our soldiers to kill them—the old, genuine, and cheap way of obtaining a clear title. Modern society requires that appearances be carefully observed.

“Such claims we bought, or pretended to buy, from England, France, Spain, and Mex-

ico ; and thus Uncle Sam—that is, the nation—became the recognized owner. By what right or sleight-of-hand performance the lands were afterwards subdivided, given, or deeded away, is not very clear to me, and never will be. Are they not the nation's yet? What other title could it convey, but what it had received—that of a temporary possession? Every owner is, in fact, but a tenant of the nation.

“ We come into this world naked and helpless. Our first natural wants are air, water, and land ; air to respire, water to drink and wash in ; land to stand or lie upon, to furnish aliments while we live and a grave when we die. The mere impossibility of the thing has only thus far kept ingenious robbers from claiming fee-simple and possession of the air. Pirates at times claimed pretty much all the valuable water-courses with the ocean ; but there were too many of them, and the boundaries between claimants on the high seas were not easily marked, so it was

agreed, as a matter of compromise, to leave the ocean free for all, reserving certain shore rights. But land has to this day remained the special covetous aim of all conquerors, robbers, and grabbers.

"As a matter of principle, the State, in reserving the right of eminent domain to override any title, when public interest requires it, with or without compensation, opens the road for a general overthrow of individual property and a return to the fundamental idea of national ownership.

"Here is a dilemma, however, two laborors having saved five hundred dollars each, invest their capital in real estate at current prices in two of our numerous incipient cities, individually. In the subsequent lottery of life, one of these cities improves astonishingly, and so does the investment. The other city goes down, outflanked by a booming rival or killed by a hostile railroad combination ; is abandoned, turned to weeds and wilderness, etc., and the investment is a total loss. In the

one case they say the gain, or what they call the ‘unearned increment,’ belongs to the nation. Suppose it does. If the nation claims the gain in the one case, why not also claim the loss in the other? If the one is right, the other is just also. Or, is the nation, like certain world-benefactors and country-saviors, anxious to share with the rich only, but not with the poor? Who is going to share with the one that lost his entire investment? He can as well divide with me; I have nothing. Neither of us will get too much.

“I enjoy my share of the land every time I stretch myself in the grass; and, for certain odoriferous reasons, not of my choice, they will gladly—yes, most gladly—give me my full share when I die. Then the nation may deed me, with six feet of ground, to some truck-gardener; I don’t care. No matter to me whether I be called to impart flavor to turnips or onions, or to celery and coriander. I am a tramp.”

MY POLITICAL IDEAL.

"I am a Republican at heart, and do love the Republican party. Its notions and principles come nearest to mine. Before its advent, there was hardly a single tramp in the land ; since then we have grown, prospered and multiplied above all expectations.

"The Republican party, in every great emergency, finds and uses measures of necessity. We do the same.

"It is not over-mindful of the rights of property and we loyally follow its example.

"It lives sometimes upon plunder ; so do we.

"It is in favor of subsidies, bounties, and pensions ; so are we. But it does not go quite far enough. Not only sailors and soldiers, but every poor man and every tramp ought to be pensioned. Don't smile so loud ; it is coming slowly, but surely. Do you suppose that we created the Grand

Army of R. and the Knights of L. for nothing?

"Since we are all on the take, pray, is a soldier or a sailor truly better or more useful than a tramp or a farmer, a butcher, a baker or any other man? Is the man that shoots and kills, eats and destroys, serving his country better than he that toils and produces, creates and preserves food, provisions, animals, and habitations for the children of men? Why, of course. According to the morals of the day, and of this, our very Christian, civilization, he that kills and maims as many of his brethren as he possibly can, destroys their crops, burns their homes and cities, is the only true, Simon-pure savior of his country, and, as such, entitled, not only to elongated pensions and fat offices, but to the eternal gratitude of everybody else—and don't you forget it; and, after him, likewise his children, and perhaps his phenomenally long-lived widow. While, he that is toiling to feed, nurse, clothe, house, and educate the

whole nation, and also to earn those very pensions to the tune of eighty millions of dollars a year, may be maimed for life or killed by machinery, by accidents of all kinds—by rail, by water, by horse, mule, or otherwise, or entirely ruined in his pacific occupations, nobody would ever dream of giving him even a single word of commendation. But we are Christians, you know, and, divine blood-spilling being the foundation of fashionable Christianity, why should not the spilling of our brethren's blood receive a proportionate recognition?

"And the farmers, the peasants, the boors are, in all countries of the world, blind, patient oxen, but make splendid voting cattle to help support the most absurd measures, even if it cuts their own throats.

"We tramps, that neither work nor fight, are evidently entitled to first seats in the pension-show; for neither the crimes of the one class nor the virtues and ignorance of the other can be put at our door. We

hold the just middle between the two extremes; we are the hub of humanity, and the inside of the hub, you know, is the proper part of the wheel, where the greasing is always in order.

"There ought, therefore, to be a national soup-bureau and free-lunch establishment at every post-office. Our surplus revenue is such that we can easily afford it. There are always enough fools in the land, working, saving, and accumulating; and the revenues are not apt to grow less, as long as Randall and his chums stick to our side.

"As a true Republican, I am in favor of high tariff and heavy taxes upon all kinds of property; the more, the merrier. I have no property and, can easily stand it. Those that own property should be only too glad and willing to pay for its enjoyment. They want to be protected: let them pay for it. The grand old party of moral ideas has done noble things in the past; its sublime idea of paternity must be further ex-

tended and amplified. Nobody should be compelled to work to earn a living. If the Nation with the big N cannot even give us a living, what has it got that big N for? The Nation owes us a living. Let those only work that must work for their pleasure or for their health.

"It was a splendid idea, in Grant's time, to make distillers put up money to run the elections. They were making too much money, anyhow, since we had educated one million of soldiers to the taste of bourbon and created quite a demand for the article. Every distillery and brewery in the land ought to be confiscated and run by and for the government. Most of the work is done by machinery, and pensioners could easily superintend the establishments. I know many tramps willing to serve their country in accepting such situations, that are eminently qualified and first-class judges of beer and liquors. Another splendid idea was that of Garfield, to bleed the Star-route con-

tractors for the benefit of the party. Alas, that such great men are disappearing so fast! But the finest trick of all was that of Ward & Grant, catching sixteen millions of dollars so smoothly and so easily. I admire the boys; they had a good training, you see.

"Who would not agree with that admirable Senator lately exclaiming: 'If I had my way about it, I would put the manufacturers of Pennsylvania under the fire, and fry all the fat out of them.' A crown of laurel to the brave! If I had my way, I would be a Doctor Sangrado in politics. Sangrado, an eminent physician, believed in bleeding his patients for all possible ills and diseases. He made splendid cures—at least, so he bragged; and those patients that did not recover right away, died very soon, which was, to say the least, very lucky—much better at any rate, than a long suffering or a lingering illness, since they had to die some day or another anyhow. Such principles applied to politics would obtain astonishing

results and accelerate the certainty of the ‘survival of the fittest.’ I would make every tramp tax-gatherer, with unlimited discretionary powers; and you could see, ere long, every proprietor willing either to turn a tramp himself or to share his wealth with everybody else,—realizing at last the universal brotherhood of men and the millennium on earth.

“ My ideas may seem at first slightly advanced, but they are only the natural consequences of my party’s policy. Do we not already tax the whole country for the benefit of certain industries, for pensions, subsidies, and the like? Some call this rank Socialism. Well, what of it? We republicans will all be Socialists in a few years. Pray, what are your immense corporations, stock companies, gigantic combines, pools, and trust of all kinds, but Socialism of the worst type, because created and worked by the few to rob the many? What splendid lessons you are teaching us tramps! If we

do not all turn Socialists in less than no time, it is surely not your fault. Why not let the good work go on? And why should we aim to perpetuate the 'grand old party' in power, unless to reap the promised fruits? In the language of the immortal Texan, 'What are we here for, anyhow?'

"Free whiskey for us, and the millionaires in the frying-pan! Hurrah! If you don't see the good times coming, I can't help it. I see it all plain enough. I am a tramp.

"Paternal government, Protection, pensions, combinations, trusts, free lunch, free whiskey, and free beer for all, are tenets good enough for me, for the negroes, and even for the Chinese. In fact, I cannot see why the Chinese has not as much right to this country as the Celt, the Gaul, the Saxon, the Hun, the Slav, the Jew, the Turk, the negro, or the Indian. It is an everlasting shame to nurse a prejudice against him merely because he is more thrifty and saving than the German or the Scotch, and pre-

fers opium to beer or whiskey. A main objection to him is that he eats rats, which should be a strong reason to keep him here, as common-sense might suggest; but perhaps that creates a dangerous competition to our large manufactories of steel traps and of 'Rough on Rats,' in which case, of course, the 'business interests' of the nation should take first place, and we should protect the rats in order to create a 'home market' for those important products (rat-traps and 'Rough on Rats'), and thus assist 'infant industries' and protect 'American labor'!"

MY RELIGION.

"Queer as it may sound, I am a fire and sun worshipper—a follower of that most ancient and rational of human creeds, always seeking, asking, and praying for *light*, more *light*, and further *light*.

"When I look at the flame of our usual camp-fires, I involuntarily ask myself: What

is it? What is fire? What is light? In all possible forms and uses we see and meet them every day; but their true essence remains a mystery.

“ Watch this closely. I’ll hold a stick or a piece of paper at a distance above the fire, and the flame will actually leap to catch it, as if endowed with sight or knowledge of the presence of the stick or paper. Does it not look very much like the very picture of what we generally understand under the name of spirit? Powerful but intangible; beneficent at times, but terrific in its unrestrained sway; often spontaneous, alike in its appearance and disappearance; in turns, full of active, devouring life, or dying away at a mere breath of wind. We do not know where it comes from; we do not know where it goes to.

“ If fire is one of the most destructive elements, it is also the most generous and charitable; for it disseminates heat and light to all surrounding objects with lavish and prod-

igal ardor, and without ever asking any returns.

“ Whenever we wish to elevate our minds above our little world and its sordid contents, we see and find absolutely nothing else in the entire universe, but light or fire, facing us, in the shape of millions of unknown bodies, that, for accommodation, we call suns, moons, or stars. What else, if you please, fills up the heavens, above the clouds of our little dark globe, but light?

“ And, when you teach your child to pray, ‘ Our Father which art in heaven,’ and that child lifts its artless eyes above, what else but light will meet his inquisitive look?

“ No wonder if old humanity, in search of a religion, dropped in early times upon fire worship. We find the remnants of that ancient creed, not only in Pagan temples, but in the most modern churches of Christian countries and in the ceremonies of nearly all secret orders. Here Romanism and Masonry, otherwise deadly foes, agree most remarkably.

Processions and perambulations from east to west, in imitation of the course of the sun and moon, are largely practised by both even to this day. Here you see three lights, representing the sun, the moon, and the master of the lodge, and are informed that, as the sun rules the day and the moon governs the night, so should the master govern and rule with equal regularity. In some orders, officers are stationed east, south, and west, and are said to represent the sun at its rise, at meridan height, and at the close of the day. Even the sacred name of the old sun-god, Belus, Baal, Bal Bel, is introduced at times among the secret pass-words or in the names of mythical parties to the most secret mysteries. Jubela, Jubelom (Zeus Baal, Deus Belus, sun-god). In some orders, two great luminaries or torches escort the high-priest or prelate. In others is found an altar, with pot of incense said to be burning day and night, or some actual repsesentation of the fire descending from heaven and consuming

offerings upon the altar. Zoroaster and the Parsees, and after them the Jews, the Aztecs, etc., worshipped on high hills, to receive the first rays of the rising sun. Churches and chapels, with altars and burning lights, were from time immemorial built on the summit of hills. Even modern orders fail not to remind the initiated that our ancient brethren met on high hills. But all these ceremonies, religious or secret, are so mixed with biblical, historical, apocryphal, and other teachings, that the neophyte passes through them without ever dreaming that he had just witnessed the remnants of a worship over four thousand years of age.

"There are some churches in India today where the priests brag that the same holy fire has been kept up burning over two thousand years without ever going out, and there are no good reasons to doubt it. The old Romans had the institution of the vestals, whose principal duty was to keep the holy fire burning. In every Greek and

Catholic church to this day the same old Pagan custom is still prevailing. To burn incense, light tapers and candles in daytime, either in the church or outside of it, before the shrine or holy crosses; to place burning candles around the remains of the departed, to make pilgrimages with burning candles in hand from one chapel to another,—are still venerated customs in connection with religious ceremonies of a great many churches.

“In nearly all mountainous countries a certain day is set apart when fires are lighted on the tops of hills in commemoration of the old sun-worship. In Norway, and even Scotland, they are still called Bal-kur fires, and are supposed to be a last greeting to the sun when it begins its southward journey.

“Even our Christmas-trees, our illuminations, torch-light processions, and Fourth of July fire-works may be traced back to that antique fire and sun worship of old humanity.

“Needless to state that the sun is my best friend all the year around. So you see plainly that my religion, besides its great antiquity, is in perfect accord with my own feelings, and with our fire-cracker style of American patriotism, and, therefore, the very best for me.

“Through light to liberty, through liberty to light. Hurrah ! I am a tramp.”

PAT SHORTY'S STORY.

WHAT MADE ME A TRAMP.

"I AM a tramp—and an inveterate one, if you please—for ample reasons, as you may see below.

"Twenty-odd years ago I was a successful coal-miner, earning from five to six dollars a day. If you do not know what a coal-miner is, I'll tell you. A coal-miner is a man who sacrifices his share of sun and daylight, that others may change the night into day; a man who passes his life in a damp, dark hole, that others may travel over lands and oceans and enjoy the benefit of milder climates; a man covered with the blackest of dust and mud, that others may enjoy snow-white garments, surf-bathing, gas and electric light;

a man working at starvation wages, that others may enjoy cheap cooking, cheap heat and light.

"Cheerfully accepting my task, I worked with pleasure; for wages were good and living cheap. I could support my wife and child in easy circumstances. We had plenty to eat, a nice clean home, all the warm clothing we needed, free fuel from the dumps at the mines, and at the end of each month a few dollars left for the savings-bank. Labor was indeed 'making the hours of life sweet,' and, as you well know, 'Enough is as good as a feast.'

"The war was just over and business booming. The war-tariff had been in force for some time, and was considered generally as a temporary but necessary measure. Soon, however, some one began to brag what blessing it was as a protection to infant industries and American labor.

"I do not know much about the infant, but I know that the coal industry and the

coal barons have not only turned immensely rich themselves, but have enriched numerous railroad companies and manufacturers of all kinds.

“However, the first practical acquaintance I had with the protection to American labor was a reduction of 10 per cent on our wages. Assured that it was only temporary, we submitted. It was soon succeeded by a second, a third, a fourth, and a fifth one. This was getting too stiff. We were then earning only three dollars a day, or thereabouts; we could not stand it, and struck. Six months of idleness ate up all my little savings, and more too. Friends helped us along for some time; but everything has an end—even charity.

“The wolf was at the door; we were literally starving.

“Some cheap, green hands from Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Italy were daily coming to fill our places.

“My wife was looking at me with such a

pale, terrified, inquisitive face that I had to turn away from her to conceal my emotion.

“Something whispered in my ear lots of foolish proverbs: ‘Learn to labor and to wait,’ ‘The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud,’ ‘Keep up with the procession,’ ‘Tomorrow is another day,’ ‘There is paradise where there is plenty of bread,’ etc.

“Unable to stand it any longer, I went to work at reduced rates, in spite of all my former friends and associates, and was highly commended by my employers for my independence.

“Several political campaigns succeeded each other, and the Protection idea to American labor was loudly proclaimed; also, the scare-crow of competition from the pauper-labor of Europe was daily rehearsed. Regularly we were led in droves to the polls to vote for protection of ‘Infant Industries and American Labor.’

“Each and every time we were told that, after election, business would revive and

wages increase. It was all a lie. I see it now too plain. The 10 per cent reductions went on, and I worked still, having made up my mind to go ahead and stand it as long as any one. At the twelfth reduction, when we earned less than one dollar and a half a day, our supply of free fuel was stopped. An order went all along the line that miners must buy their supply of coal, as well as every one else. Protection!

"At the fifteenth reduction, wages were only one dollar and five cents a day; provisions were exhausted; wife and children (I had three now) hungry and sickly; the winter at the door, and the wolf too. Order was passed along the line to stop mining in order to raise the price of coal.

"What a winter! Two of my poor children died—I actually believe, from cold and starvation. Protection!"

THE COAL BARONS.

"About that time a correspondent of the

New York *Times* wrote upon the situation. I have kept the slip about me, much crumpled and soiled; but here it is:

“‘Why are the poor of the great cities threatened with a coal famine on account of the high price of anthracite, while the poor of the coal fields are menaced by a bread famine because they cannot find work in the mines at living wages?’ This is a question that is constantly asked in these ‘diggin’s,’ where the miners, who have to work hard, are taxed heavily to maintain the 22,000 men who are idle in the Lehigh region trying to make the operators of that section pay them ‘a fair day’s wages for a fair day’s work.’ The answer to this important question lies in the very serious fact that the anthracite coal trade, in all its ramifications, is controlled by a cast-iron monopoly, which dictates the pendulum of prices in New York and of wages in Pennsylvania. Were it not for this monopoly, there would be no strike in the Lehigh region and no such outrageous

prices for anthracite as we see quoted in the big cities. It is well known, through all the anthracite belt, that the Lehigh operators, who are holding out against their miners in their demand for decent wages, are fighting, not only their own battles, but the battles of the great coal kings, who are running the market for all it is worth, and who are deeply interested in preventing the success of the Lehigh strike. The coal barons of all Pennsylvania know that, if the thousands of workingmen who are now eating the bread of idleness in the Lehigh region were to succeed, their success would be followed by strikes in other sections, and they are interested, therefore, in seeing that they do not succeed. For this reason they have pooled their issues, and are all bearing the loss of the Lehigh strike between them. If the loss were to fall altogether upon the local operators, they would not stand it for a month at a time when there is such a great demand for coal at fancy prices, and when

the Lehigh anthracite would bring the highest price in the market. The small operators, rich though they be, in a certain sense, are but the puppets of the great railroad mining companies like the Lehigh Valley, the Pennsylvania, the Delaware & Hudson, the Reading, and the Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western corporations; and, what the big fish dictate, the minnows, as a general thing, will have to do.

"It seems strange that, while the great coal corporations denounce organization among the masses of labor, they practise it themselves in such a manner as to let no opposition live if they can help it, and with a degree of relentlessness such as no mere labor association can ever hope to imitate. There is a certain quantity of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania. The number of tons has been approximated by scientists, and every pound of this precious fuel is as much under the control of the black monopoly of coal kings that has got possession of it as

the silver in the United States treasury is under the control of the government. The Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania is set at naught by this gigantic monopoly quite as much as it was and is by that other infamous monopoly, the Standard Oil Company, which defied the State to collect any taxes from it, because, although drawing all its wealth from the Keystone State, it claimed to be an Ohio institution. According to the Constitution of this State, railroad companies are not permitted to mine and ship coal, lest, perchance, they should discriminate against rival mining companies. How is it in real, every-day, prosaic practice? Simply thus: Nobody is permitted to mine or ship coal except by the grace of the great railroad and mining companies, and then he must sell his anthracite at the mouth of the mine at a price to be fixed by the railroad corporation whose vassal he is. The individual operators are merely the vassals of the great coal companies, and yet

become millionaires. What a profitable business this anthracite mining must be when even the vassal individual operators, who give the lion's share of the profit to the railroad company, become millionaires and petty despots! And yet, the miners and laborers, who take their lives in their hands every day and every night they enter their black workshops, are paid barely enough to keep body and soul together. The conditions of the Lehigh region were the harshest to be found anywhere. There the 'company' house, and the 'pluck-me' store, and the 'bleed-me' doctor flourish at their best; and the wonder is, that people so trodden in the dust had the spirit to rebel against their task-masters and cry out against the grievous wrongs inflicted upon them.

"The latest news of the Lehigh strike received here is that two thousand Belgian miners have been employed in the Old Country to come to this country for the purpose of working the mines of the 'philan-

thropist' X. If the Belgians come, there will be bloodshed, for the men here feel that they might as well die fighting for their rights as starve to death by the wayside in midwinter; for, if they are driven out, they will be discriminated against and blacklisted by every petty boss in the anthracite valleys of Pennsylvania, and they will not be able to find work anywhere. It is a sad state of affairs, a few weeks before Christmas—coal scarce in the city and food scarce at the mouth of the idle mines, where men would be only too willing to work if they could obtain reasonable pay for their labor. Relief committees, appointed by the miners, are now canvassing for food and funds among the workingmen of this section. They have been generously received, and large amounts have gone to help the hungry families of the men on strike, but, after all, it is not what the hardy miners and laborers, who, as a general thing, are men of spirit, would like. Those who need assistance

most are often most backward in applying for it; and a good many pitiful cases of destitution from this cause alone have been brought to light. There is no good reason why all the mines in the anthracite regions should not be working full time, at satisfactory wages, with coal selling in the large cities at half its present price per ton. This would be the condition of affairs were it not for the monopoly that grows rich upon the miseries of the millions.'

"So far the *Times*; but its words cannot picture our misery.

"The cities of the West were clamoring for coal at any price—just what your fat monopolist expected. As high as forty cents a bushel was asked for anthracite at retail; work was resumed, but only half of the time. Protection!

"We were starving. Our employers, the coal barons, were all smiles and rubbing their hands with delight. Such a cold, hard winter had not been heard of by the oldest

inhabitants. People were reported freezing to death out West, by hundreds, for want of fuel. What a god-send for the coal barons!

"How we managed to pass the winter is a mystery to me yet. In the spring new 10 per cent reductions succeeded one another. I was no longer able to buy any meat. We lived altogether on potatoes, cabbage, and bread or crackers. In May our last child died of the same complaint as the others, less the cold, perhaps.

"My poor, desolate wife never recovered from the shock. With inexpressible grief, she bent her head down like a trampled flower and refused to be comforted. Ten days later we laid her quietly alongside her last darling. Poor soul! we had dreamt of a different kind of future on the night of our wedding. I was not alone a mourner; the mortality was fearful among the miners that year, and graveyards reaped the richest of harvests. Protection, sure enough, at last!

"At the nineteenth 10 per cent reduction I was getting sixty-six cents a day. I sold out all of my furniture to pay the doctor's fee and the funeral expenses of the only two beings on earth that had loved me and for whom I cared to live.

"The same day I met one of the owners of the mine driving, with a friend, a spirited team, hitched to a splendid new carriage. He stopped to ask me a few questions about the road. After answering him curtly, as he was lingering, making inquiries about the men and their feelings, I told him of our misfortune. That I, for instance, had neither home nor family left, although one of their oldest hands, who had been faithfully working for so many years, submitting patiently to so many reductions of wages, and was actually working at sixty-six cents a day. I then and there mildly intimated that, if that was the 'Protection' so much talked about at every election for so many years, it was a

mighty poor article for the laborers ; at any rate, we were much worse off than before.

"He whipped his horses, so that they reared and plunged, shouting, 'If you don't like it, you can just leave it alone.' I heard his friend ask the question, 'Who was that?' to which the answer is still ringing in my ears—'Oh, a coal-digger only.'

" " A COAL-DIGGER ONLY.

" " That others may enjoy
Prosperity, and health,
And peace without alloy,
And office, power, and wealth,
He burrows like a mole,
All dusty, grim, and black,
And lives in a dark hole,
Scarce a rag upon his back :
A coal-digger only.

" " Whence your linen, white as snow ?
And your satins, silks, and flowers ?
And your sparkling wines, that flow
Through your revels' rosy hours ?

Whence your gems, and chains of gold
And your palaces and *fêtes*,
While, in hunger and in cold,
There hangs around your gates
A coal-digger only?

“ ‘ That you may possess proud halls,
And delicious joints to carve,
And great mirrors on your walls,
His wife and children starve—
Starve, in sickness and in pain,
While the rain pours through the roof ;
But complaint is all in vain,
For he is—and you the proof—
A coal-digger only.

“ ‘ But, hark !—that dreadful crash,
And that wild, despairing cry,
As pale crowds, in horror, dash,
To the smoking mine close by.
Each blackened corpse that’s found
Invokes some thrilling shriek ;
And, when stretched upon the ground,
You see—no need to speak—
A coal-digger only.’

“ These words, ‘ a coal-digger only,’ are

still ringing in my ears, as I said ; and it seems they will go on ringing until the day of retribution shall render each one his dues.

“ From that very hour I became one of those Pariahs of modern society commonly called tramps ; and have since then met thousands of such, formerly thrifty miners, pedlers, moulders, and laborers of all kinds, driven, like myself, to that half-way house on the road to Despair, by the legalized robbery called ‘ Protection ! ’

“ We tramps all agree with Bacon—that riches, like manure, do stink when in big heaps, while highly beneficial when evenly distributed.”

OUR BANKERS.

“ I have tramped from the Rio Grande to the St. Lawrence, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have seen many curious sights, and have met many strange people. The other day I crossed into Canada and went to the public park to rest awhile. A noisy

crowd of laughing and frolicking young men passed by. They wore immense golden watch-chains, and diamond pins, studs, and rings. A dozen beautiful young ladies, literally covered with jewels, silks, satins, and plumes, laughed and chatted with them, while servants followed with baskets of champagne and victuals of all kinds. They had a grand lawn party, full of fun and merriment. I thought at first that they were English lords on a rampage, but soon noticed that they were Americans. Their slang and actions betrayed them. After the repast was over, I humbly approached some servants, busy packing away empty bottles, plates, glasses, and the remnants of the feast. There was enough left to feed a dozen men. One servant, kindly disposed, gave me the substantial remains of a leg of mutton and some cakes, and went off with his basket. While I was quietly eating and congratulating myself upon my unexpected good luck in a foreign country, a few of the gentlemen

returned to get some more wine and cigars. They espied the visible demonstration of my healthy appetite, but, probably not very favorably impressed with the antique cut of my garments or my neglected appearance, began to abuse me in the most offensive language, calling me rascal, thief, robber, and God knows what. They were evidently full of wine; offered to kick me out of the park and ordered me away in a very coarse and loud manner. Just then the park police put in an appearance, and, in spite of my protestations of innocence, arrested me, and were dragging me to prison when we happily met the servant that had given me the morsels of food. He explained matters. I was released; but not without the admonition to leave the city without delay; for, since I had incurred the dislike of such high-toned gentlemen, it was better that I should go, the authorities being adverse to anything that might displease the wealthy strangers. I asked who they were and what

their business was; and was informed, in a low whisper, that they were runaway bank presidents and cashiers, spending, in high carousal, money stolen from depositors, business men, workingmen, widows, and orphans in the States. Over fifty of them lived in that city alone, and business was booming since their advent. It would never do to offend them.

"And such had dared to call me a thief and a robber!"

"Thank the Lord, I am a tramp.

"But, the bankers are not all of that odoriferous kind. Some will never run away, but stick to their books and their dollars until grim Death alone carries them to another shore. Some banks are mysteriously run and mysteriously closed. The whole mystery comes out at last that—they never were of any account.

"Some are run on the braggadocio style, with grand flourish of moral trumpets; and local papers neglect no occasion to give

them slight, indirect puffs that they seldom deserve and for which they never pay.

"Some are run upon pious principles, by deacons and elders of the most popular churches of the city. That class deserves careful watching.

"I once knew a banking firm by the name of Ketchum, Rob & Killham. Who laughs? They were neither worse nor better than any other average bankers. Whether they earned their name or not, is a matter between them and their conscience—if they have any. I relate only facts. The firm consisted of one very shrewd and very old man and two sleepy boys.

"The sleepy boys were considered thoroughly honest, and would, under circumstances, have been an ornament to any society. The venerable old man was very honest, too, although with the reputation of a sharp, sly, old fox. They enjoyed the confidence of the people to such an extent that their coffers were soon replete with

money. But the Protection craze came along and proved disastrous. According to the wise sayings of the time, whoever started an industry or factory of any kind was sure to make a fortune in less than no time, under the ‘Protective tariff.’ No wonder that foundries, coal mines, woollen-mills, machine-shops received special attention, even if they were living in a pure farming community out West.

“A general and continued shrinkage took place. All the best customers of the bankers, their friends and patrons, either got ruined, failed, ran away, or turned criminals from necessity. Small manufacturers, merchants, traders, industrials, magistrates—the very best of men—attentive, honest, economical, were lost as soon as they availed themselves of the facilities of that fatal bank. Those very facilities were fatal at that special time, when everybody West, was being bled to death to feed the protected leeches. Formerly the city where they lived was

booming; the country was, and is to this day, one of the finest in the world. After so and so many years of ‘Protection,’ all values went down; the place began to be deserted; everybody that could go, was leaving in double-quick; the bank soon owned everything—the manufactories, the business and dwelling houses, but they were all empty, and bringing no rents. As with the Arab and the grasshoppers, wherever Ketchum, Rob & Killham put down their foot, the grass forgot to grow. They extended their withering hand to some neighbor counties. In a few years they owned one fourth of the lands, mostly those not worth owning. People began to leave by the hundreds, going north, south, east, west —anywhere out of the blasted circle. Nobody returned to fill their places; lands and houses had no prices. In spite of their proverbial honesty, coupled with intent shrewdness and the strictest economy, loaded with the ownership of innumerable tracts of land,

and houses, Ketchum, Rob & Killham had to succumb at last. The money needed to fill the coffers of our protected Yankees had to come from somewhere, and it did, with a vengeance.

"I was sorry for the boys, they seemed deserving a better fate. One nice morning they scattered like chaff before the wind. They did not go to Canada ; they never did things like other people. One went to Cuba, one to prison, and another took a special lead and powder ticket for that unknown country from whose bourne no traveller returns, but that we'll all visit soon enough."

MY RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL CREED.

"I am a follower of pure Islam—the religion of peace and true resignation, a Mohammedan without Mohammed, as Jake Trueheart is a Christian without Christ. We have no difficulty whatever to meet on the same ground. Why a Trinity, a mother of God, a son, or a prophet, be-

tween myself and my God? Nonsense—the biggest nonsense that ever was invented. What! My God unable to hear me direct, unable or unwilling to understand me, except through proxy? through ‘paid mouth-pieces’? through ‘salaried ear-trumpets’? Too thin! Who believes anything of the kind to-day? What sort of God could that be, anyhow?

“ My God knows everything, sees everything, and hears everthing; therefore, I confer with him direct. Here is the daily Moslem prayer :

“ Praise to God! There is but one God—the Lord of the Worlds, the Compassionate, the Merciful. Thee do we worship, and of Thee seek we help. Guide us in the right way; the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious.’

“ Boys, that is the religion of the future—no churches, no popes, no priests, no intercessors, no altars, no pews, as it might have been long, long ago except for the ignorance

and imperfections of Mohammed himself and of his followers.

“I do fear God;
And, next to God,
I fear him most
That fears Him not.

“And the fear of God, according to Mohammed's own definition, is to disburse wealth to relatives, to orphans, to the needy, to the wayfarer, and *to the tramps*, to be faithful to engagements; patient under ills, hardships and in time of trouble; to be just and merciful to all.

“If you can find a more sublime creed, trot it out and let us have it in double quick.

“As to polygamy, I can't say that I am much in favor of it, although the disparity of sexes is a very remarkable fact. Think of it for one moment. Your human customs and laws tell, to one half a million of lovely girls: ‘God has created you expressly to be mothers, but you shall not; we won't allow

it ; there are not enough boys to go around and it can't be helped now ! '

" No matter whether they crowd in prostitution-houses, or crowd out the males from the schools, the factories, the stores, the telegraph offices, the clerkships, or even dabble in politics and religion, to their own and other people's confusion, trying to compensate, by some fictitious occupations, the loss of their natural right to maternity. So-called human (but very inhuman) laws and customs have driven them to unnatural spheres, and there they must stay, ' Root, hog, or die ' fashion, and vegetate—often enough, it is true, rebelling in secret against what they feel instinctively to be a glaring injustice.

" Set a limit, if you want—say two or three—and you'll be sure not to have your daily papers full of elopements and divorce cases, as they are now. Do you not know that, before God, a girl has just as much right to be a mother as you have to eat an apple or to drink a cup of tea ? Look only at the records

of your courts of justice, and tell me if society is not very sick on the subject?

"I have remarked that, as a rule, women shrink from wedding workingmen, since the beauties of 'Protection' have left them so destitute. Who would choose a life of misery and starvation? The consequence is, that laborers get only the third pick or the refuse in the market. Ha! don't you tremble in your boots, protected barons, to think what progeny of discontented Socialists and Anarchists must result from such a sad mating?"

"Protection, invented to enrich the few by robbing the many, is busy preparing the tools that will some day fry the fat out of these few. I hope to God to live long enough to help stir the fire under the frying-pan."

"Every night I see my wife and three children urging me not to forget the 'protected barons.' I am trying very hard to forgive, but I cannot. I shall, I will never forget."

"Although not caring much myself for beer or liquor I am not in favor of prohibition, except temporarily, to punish certain elements when they attempt to rob other people of their rights; as, when the saloon and liquor men pretend to dictate terms to parties, pack conventions, select candidates, etc. I saw once a liquor-man, taking advantage of the absence of one co-delegate, subvert and nullify the expressed will of a whole city and of an entire county. They forget how quick one extreme calls another extreme, or one injustice is revenged by another.

"A few years of strict prohibition would be richly deserved by such confounded fools. As to excesses in eating and drinking, they, like everything else, will always best regulate themselves by liberty, than by compulsion or coercion."

POVERTY NO CRIME.

"Some may think that the life of a tramp

must be very near unbearable. They are very much mistaken. I like it ; there is a sublime attraction in the feeling of reckless independence and of living *au jour le jour* in solitary communion with God and nature.

“ Poverty is no crime. It has furnished more thinkers and reformers to the world than all the combined riches. Where is the vaunted wealth of Solomon and of all ancient empires? Gone, and scattered to the winds : while the precepts of thousands of philosophers, from Buddha and Confucius to Christ and Mohammed, will last forever ; and they all agree that poverty is rather a blessing than anything else.

“ ‘The poor ye shall always have with ye.’—Christ.

“ ‘For the Lord heareth the poor.’—Koran.

“ I know that it is not fashionable to be poor, in our times ; while ancient history is replete with examples of a different turn of mind.

“ How many nobles and wealthy men, even kings and emperors, after having enjoyed

riches to their fill, entered the vows of poverty to satisfy the longings of their hearts? How many do it to-day?

“The Anti-Poverty movement, lately inaugurated, is a humbug of the first water, apt to create only worshippers of the ‘almighty dollar,’ unless it is but the whistling of the steam escaping through the safety-valve thus created to relieve the social pressure in the interest of the protected robbers. At any rate, it is a straw showing which way the wind blows. Thank God, I am not ashamed to own that I am a tramp, and can cheerfully sing, with Washington Gladden, in spite of my utter poverty, his ‘Ultima Veritas’:’

“‘In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
In the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,

“‘When the anchors that Faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

“ ‘ I know that Right is Right ;
That it is not good to lie ;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

“ ‘ I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind ;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure rewards will find ;

“ ‘ That the rulers must obey ;
That the givers shall increase ;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace ;

“ ‘ In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear ;
That faith is truer than doubt.

“ ‘ And fierce though the winds may fight
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side ;

“ ‘ And that somewhere beyond the stars
Is a love that is better than fate.
When the Night unlocks her bars,
I shall see Him : and I will wait.’ ”

JAKE TRUEHEART SPEAKS.

THREE BROTHERS.

"BROTHER JOE is a Christian, an Eastern manufacturer. He pays a round sum for a front pew in his church. His family, raised in the fear of the Lord, is an ornament to the Sunday-school and society at large. His name is always heading the subscription-list for foreign missions and various benevolent institutions; and the list is regularly published in the papers. Joe pays his taxes and votes the Republican ticket.

"Brother Jake is farming out West, has a large family of hard-working sons and daughters, and is the best customer of his brother Joe, for he buys and uses a great many articles all the year round. He is a

Christian, too—after his fashion—but takes his toddy once in a while, and thinks, whenever he finds time to think between his labors, that he is not always treated very brotherly by his wealthy brother. He pays his taxes, too. Heugh! how heavy they are sometimes! He used to vote the Republican ticket, too, but has been saying for some time: ‘I’ll be dogged if I do it any longer. I’ve just got enough of it.’

“Brother John lives on the other side of the Atlantic, is a skilled workman, and a first-class business manager of an economical turn of mind. He has tons of splendid goods for sale very cheap, and Jake, who is shipping him a great deal of grain and meat at times, would be very much inclined to take some of his goods in exchange, inasmuch as they are not only cheaper, but often superior to those manufactured by Joe.

“But Brother Joe, by the aid of his little tariff, manages to stop that arrangement;

for how could he afford to build such fine country residences on the Hudson if he had to sell as cheap as Brother John?

"Soon Brother Joe wants to build, also—a nice cottage at Long Branch. That will cost a great deal of money. 'A little rise in the tariff, say 50 per cent, on Brother John's goods would not be a bad idea. I could then sell my goods just that much higher. Brother Jake had such splendid crops out West he will hardly notice the difference.'

"Brother Joe wants to take his fine stable of thoroughbreds to the races in Europe; bound to win several, if not all the cups, which is sure to add greatly to our national fame. A little rise in the tariff, to 75 per cent, is absolutely necessary, or the Eastern manufacturers will all be bankrupt within six months; and then, our workingmen must be protected, you know. Brother Jake need not complain, for he had such nice crops this year!"

"Brother Joe's hands have struck for higher wages—most fatal affair!"

"And we were just going to have such a nice time with our sixty-thousand-dollar steam yacht. The trip must be postponed. Terrible, dreadful! What will the neighbors and the yacht-club say? But, hold! Good news! good news! One thousand Italians and three thousand Hungarians and Russian Jews have just arrived in New York. With a little training, they will do; and then—God bless them!—they work for half price, even less. Let the strikers go to—grass. There are some people that never learn to let well enough alone. Serves them right. We do not need them any longer. Young man, go West. Wander towards the home of Brother Jake. He can feed you; he had such nice crops this year. In the mean time we keep the tariff up and pay only half-wages to the new hands. That was a lucky strike."

"Sophronia, darling, make yourself ready

in a few days. I intend to take you and the whole family to Europe ; we'll have a grand, nice time. I have just learned that the Tariff Commission, snugly assembled in my cottage at Long Branch, after due and mature consideration of the wants of the industries in this country, have resolved to recommend an additional duty of 50 per cent. They might have done better, but that will do for the present. It is, for all intents and purposes, just as good as if passed by Congress and approved by the President. We have the funds, and know how to fix those matters. Brother Jake, out West, will not object, I hope ; for he had such nice crops this year ! And then, I am reliably informed that wages are very low in his vicinity, for all of our old strikers have been at last compelled to emigrate in his direction and to take what they can get. Serves them right. Why did they strike when they were having such nice wages here ? Why, just think of it ! they were

earning more than double what we pay now to Italians, Huns, and Chinese; and these new hands grow fat—just look at them. How happy they are! We never had such lamblike, quiet, submissive hands before. Children, let us praise the Lord with thankfulness for His many blessings.””

WHAT BECAME OF MY FARM.

“That ‘dear Brother Jake out West’ allow me to introduce to you as your humble servant Jake Trueheart, once the happy farmer, now the tramp. And how it happened is all due to that cunning lie called ‘Protection.’

“Have patience and listen how it works.

“On one hand is the protected manufacturer—protected, not only by the tariff, that permits him to ask double and treble prices for his goods, but by the actual circumstances of his own calling. He is protected from wind and snow in winter, from rain and sun in summer; his work is limited to

eight hours by protection of the law. During the hot months, ice-cold water is always handy in some corner of the establishment; in winter-time the whole factory is heated by steam, or otherwise. Being thus protected against the inclemency of the weather, he needs not half as many clothes, hats, boots, or shoes as the farmer. The week or month over, his wages are regularly paid in hard cash, when not in scrip on the company's store. The masters, bosses, clerks, bookkeepers, agents, messengers are still better off as their work is less onerous. On the other hand is the unprotected farmer—indeed unprotected! Knee-deep in mud and waist-deep in snow or slush—that is his ordinary lot in winter. Sun, rain, and hail during the whole summer alternate, dancing a hornpipe on his unprotected cranium.

“Long before Aurora’s rosy fingers knock at the gates of the East, he is up and doing,—feeding stock, cleaning and harnessing horses.

"The first rays of the sun are accustomed to find him plowing, mowing, reaping, threshing, or hauling; and, long after the last rays of the evening have fringed with silver the clouds of the West, he often enough can be found at the same task yet.

"Twelve hours, sometimes as many as eighteen hours, are oftener his daily allotment, than the eight hours of his protected brother.

"And, what with storms, wind, hail, droughts, inundations, sweeping down of fences, breaking of cattle through fields, army-worms, potato-bugs, chinch-bugs, epidemics among the live-stock, hog-cholera; dog-raids among the sheep; skunks, minks, foxes, and hawks after the poultry, and a thousand other calamities by day and by night, he has never any rest, so to speak. Happy when his horses do not run away and smash protected tools and machinery that he may have to replace at a

much advanced cost, since a least reduction of the tariff is at once shouted down as ‘Free Trade’ and has very nearly become an impossibility, while the increasing is always in order.

“ Some years ago crops began to get thinner and thinner, and so did my pocket-book. From year to year prices of produce went down and taxes went up; so did the tariff. Everything we farmers had to sell, was sold at actual loss. Just then my house and barn were getting terribly shaky and rickety; I was compelled to rebuild them. To do it, I had to mortgage my nice farm to some agent of an Eastern company. He charged me 5 per cent commision, and 8 per cent interest payable semi-annually; but that was nothing compared with the tariff for Protection. I found out, to my great horror, that I was being terribly fleeced and robbed to help those infant millionaires of the East, that held already the mortgage on my homestead.

"I had to pay the following sweet taxes:

On lumber,	16	per cent
On window glass,	100	"
On small screws,	61	"
On red-lead,	81	"
On carpets,	60	"
On tinware,	45	"
On files and rasps,	63	"
On hosiery,	62	"
On hats and caps,	54	"
On salt,	50	"
On wire cloth for screens, .	103	"
On rice,	112	"
On chains,	44	"
On nails,	43	"
On shingles,	17	"
On white-lead,	40	"
On wall-paper,	25	"
On cement,	20	"
On horseshoes,	55	"
On cheap woollen cloth, .	89	"
On flannels,	70	"
On blankets,	73	"
On sugar,	92	"
On hoop-iron,	85	"
On whiting and paris white,	89	"
On cutlery,	50	"

and so forth, in like proportion, on everything else.

"If I had considered it before, I never would have started building. It was too late now, and all my money gone; nearly one half of the value of my farm went in those buildings. We had a jolly house-warming, and were calculating how closely and attentively we would put in the next crop, to help pay for all the new improvemente. The next crop came; it was short. What we had to sell, had no price, and there was not enough of it to keep the family and pay taxes, still less to pay the interest. Another crop, and another failure. This time I could not even pay my taxes, and had to borrow money to buy feed for the stock. The next year brought another failure of crops, and I had to give a chattel mortgage on all my personal property to satisfy creditors and gain time. Affairs at home were not pleasant; we did not even always eat our fill; wife and children had not had new clothes for a good while. I was in tatters, in 'Protected' rags—if you please, but they

were poor protection to me. We were going barefoot most of the time, and put shoes on only to go to church. The smallest children had none at all. One mishap never comes alone, and, when it rains bad luck, it pours. Sickness began to knock at the door of our dreary home, and several of the children had oftener medicine than bread. Happily our physician was a neighbor, not rich, neither even in fair circumstances ; but full of kind attentions, and as charitable as only Western or Southern physicians can be. I never have been able to pay him. When the crash came, and I was expressing my despair at being hopelessly in his debt, his only answer was : ‘Never mind, Jake ; don’t mention it. I know that you would pay if you could, and that is enough for me.’

“Let us hurry on : the remembrance of those terrible times is torture itself. Things went from bad to worse ; farms were everywhere offered for sale at much-reduced prices, and no purchaser could be found. Values

shrank at a rapid rate, and many places were in the market at one third of their former worth. I wrote several letters to brother Joe, in Connecticut, begging him to come to my assistance ; but never received any answer. Several years later, I was informed that he had died previously, leaving a fortune of a couple of millions of dollars, one half of which he willed to his wife and children, and the other half to several churches and societies of foreign missions. Charity begins in Africa, for some Christians.

“The crash came ; it was fearful. Three of our children died within two weeks and my poor wife got nearly distracted ; then came the sheriff and the constable. All personal property went to cover the chattel mortgage, and the farm was sold under foreclosure. The agent of that Eastern company offered me two hundred dollars cash for my right of redemption. What else could I do but accept, having nothing left to work the place with ?

"Reserving only five dollars for myself, I gave the whole amount to my wife for safe-keeping until I could find work and lodging in the next city. What was left of my once so happy family remained with a kind neighbor.

"On the following Sunday, when returning to report what I intended now to do, I was thunder-struck. My wife, with her youngest child, had disappeared for parts unknown.

"She has gone far away,
I never shall see her more.
She ran away with a tin-ware man
To Maine's protected shore.

"Useless to describe my utter despair.—I had three children left. What could I do with them? Shame, shame, for that last blow of 'Protection!' I was compelled to *sell them!* To *sell them*, mind you, or (it is the same thing) to bind them over, until their majority, to other poor farmers, receiving in payment a bundle of old 'Protected' clothing and two loaves of bread.

“Here I am—Jake Trueheart, the farmer of former days, a well-educated man, compelled, by your boasted civilization of the nineteenth century, to sell his own children,—now a poor abandoned and miserable tramp.”

MY POLITICAL CREED.

“In contrast to Slim Jim’s true illustration of modern Republicanism, I, with the Democracy, claim for every man entire liberty, limited only by the free enjoyment of the same by others. That limit is defined by law. A true and good man, a perfect gentleman, with a well-balanced mind and heart, does never come in conflict with the law. And were we all such perfect citizens, we should need no written law, no lawyers, no courts, no sheriffs, no constables, no police—in fact, no government at all. As nature governs itself without official interference, according to the eternal rules of unwritten laws, so it is hoped that mankind

may one day be enabled to govern itself without police, constables, and military. That is true Anarchism, or no government, in opposition to Socialism, where everything is government.

“We read, in the Bible, of about 1400 years before Christ: ‘In those days there was no government in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes.’

“Democracy is the only form of government of true divine origin, for it seeks to apply the rules of God’s nature to men’s own destinies. Who can see into these things clearer than a tramp, daily in close contact with God’s wonderful nature?

“When I lay down in the grass at night, and wonder at the millions of stars that look on me from above, and have been perhaps for millions and millions of years moving in the same perfect quiet order and accord, I am lost in admiration. I have for years watched them pretty closely, but always failed to find among them the police-

man, or the sheriff, the tax-gatherer, the bung-smeller, the soldier, or the priest. All these oppressive and so-called necessary evils of society are pure inventions of the Devil,—or of wicked mankind, which is pretty much the same thing. Talk to me about progress and civilization! It is all bosh and lie, and fetters and chains—nothing but chains; and all the people, big and small, old and young, rich and poor, still doing nothing else but forging new fetters.

“ If that is progress and civilization, thank you! I am a tramp.

“ From time immemorial, all priests and religious systems have tried to make mankind believe that nature was governed by the whims of God or gods, and not by laws, and that, by means of blood, sacrifices, intercessions, money, gifts, or prayers of certain privileged classes, high-priests, etc., the will of such God or gods could be influenced at pleasure. Call them popes, patriarchs, Brahmins, dervishes, bishops, priests,

reverend ministers, medicine-men, or rain-makers of the African desert, it is all the same gang of impostors. When the fox preaches, look out for your geese. They were always carefully indorsed and supported by the civil arm of all usurpers and conquerors; for, if mankind could only be made to believe that Nature's government was influenced by certain ceremonies and the intercession of a privileged class, it might also be made to believe, with the aid and authority of God's men, that nations needed the governing hand of another privileged class, specially born and trained for that purpose. A plain case of 'Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.' Thus rulers have been crowned by priests and hailed as established by the grace of God.

"There has also pretty much always been two differently thinking classes of men. Those that believe men to be brutes, needing strong masters with iron rods to govern them, and those that believe men to be in-

telligent beings, able to learn individually to behave themselves in liberty.

“The first are in favor of strong governments, rigid churches, high fences, cattle-guards, compulsion, whips, hypocrisy, purgatory, hell, armies, wars, Protection, monopolies, prisons, penitentiaries, and capital punishment.

“The last favor as little government as possible, or none if possible; as much individual liberty as consistent with order, free thought, free press, free speech, free education and enlightenment, free trade, peace and good-will to men, reform of the morally diseased, hospitals for the sick, asylums for the cranks, and general charity for all.

“The first are fitly represented by kingdoms and empires, despots and slaves, the clergy, the stake, the block, the whipping-post, the ‘blue-laws,’ and the Republican party.

“The last, nearly always in the minority, are represented by all the great thinkers, in-

ventors, and philosophers; by all the reformers, Jesus Christ not excepted, and by the Democratic idea.

"I'll bet you my bottom dollar—or rather the next best dollar I shall happen to call mine—that, at the slow rate we are progressing, it will take hundreds of years and many more martyrs and tramp reformers, like Christ and others, before the generation of slaves shall be able to understand what liberty means.

"I guess we won't bet. Had we ten lives like that of Methuselah, I am afraid we might die before the question could be decided, unless some sort of social cyclone accelerates matters.

"I am looking, myself, for something of the kind pretty soon. Who cares that the extremists—Anarchists, Nihilists, Socialists, Communists, and what you may call them, that always manage to crawl on top of every sudden revolution, like the scum on top of the waves—are generally the worst despots

you ever saw? They kill and murder thousands of innocents without the least remorse; take revenge on buildings, monuments, bridges, palaces, libraries, and care for nothing but ruin, murder, and robbery! That kind of remedy is several times worse than the disease, and mankind is apparently cheated in the end. But what should I care? It is their business; I am a tramp."

ABOUT CONSCIENCE.

"That 'divine spark in man's bosom,' as many are wont to call it, seems to me to be exceedingly closely related to the functions of the digestive organs. A hungry tramp, wandering aimlessly from hill to vale and from farm to farm, cannot possibly be expected to form the same judgment and arrive at the same conclusions that a fat and rosy young minister of the Gospel, regularly fed upon truffled turkey and cranberry sauce, or that smart New-England mariner, that swears he cannot catch fish without the

government's aid nor salt it without special bounty.

"I know that it is unlawful to steal, and still my conscience never does trouble me any on that score when I hook a few apples on the road to still my hunger or my thirst.

"Even the Jews—who certainly have deserved, and do deserve, a world's reputation for closeness in matters of property—had a law authorizing every stranger or traveller to enter into any orchard or vineyard and eat their fill of the fruit, without being disturbed, but they were not allowed to carry any away in their basket. Talk to me about progress and civilization! No Christian state or nation has to-day such a sensible law on its statute-book; and thus is plainly seen that the conscience of the sordid, avaricious old Jews of 3000 years ago was more human, more progressive, more liberal, and more Christian than the boasted conscience of the Christian of our day.

"In the Rockies, I met once a crazy, old

Indian, very old, very crazy, and very ugly. He said that he could not die happy, for he had failed to find and kill a certain American soldier, that had murdered his father thirty years before. He confessed that, as a kind of atonement, or to keep his hand in practice, he had managed to scalp many soldiers and miners on account, as it were, but his conscience would not leave him any rest until he had found and slaughtered the true murderer of his sire, and thus settled the bill in full.

"A poor Catholic servant-girl of my acquaintance turned nearly crazy with grief and despair the other day upon discovering that she had carelessly eaten meat on a Friday. Had she been a vegetarian by choice or a hungry tramp by chance she would not have needed any conscience of that type. A young Arab, having once been made to drink some wine in a lemonade, is said to have stabbed himself to the heart for having thus violated the Koran.

" Many tramps I know whose conscience would not allow to go to sleep unless they had inspected every empty beer keg in the town, and drained the very last drop of stale beer out of them.

" Many capitalists cannot conscientiously go to sleep without concocting some new scheme for protecting infant industries into their own pockets.

" In all these and in many other cases I fail to find the divine spark, and come to the logical conclusion that the Devil has just as good a claim to that spark as any other man.

" There is the conscience of Joshua, stopping the sun to enable him to slaughter more enemies, and that of the Christian disciple presenting his left cheek to the one that smote his right.

" There is the conscience of Joseph, who, having amassed all the wheat in the land, compels the Egyptians, during the years of famine, not only to give up all their money

and property, but to sell themselves and their children as slaves to the king in exchange for something to keep them from starving; and that of Moses, proclaiming, ‘There shall be no destitute man in the land;’ and that of Belizar, throwing bread into the city that he was beleaguering.

“ There is the conscience of the Moham-medan, who believes in a single God and Creator; and that of the Christian, who believes in a Trinity of Gods, with a mother, step-father, half-brothers, and several other saintly relatives, thrown in the bargain.

“ There is the conscience of the knights of the road of Credit Mobilier fame; and that of the visiting statesman, concocting the fraud of 1876; and that of Guiteau, the inspired crank; and that of Rev. Burchard, with the three memorable R.’s; and that of Rev. Ball and his sewer-gospel.

“ There is the conscience of the Southern brigadier, sharing his last piece of corn bread with his departing slaves; and there is that

of the New England Yankee, bragging of his many deposits in savings-banks and his many mortgages on Western farms, and still begging Congress for national assistance to enable him to make cloth, thread, and buttons.

"Why, your boasted conscience is nothing but a horrid, hideous fetich, nursed and raised with all the prejudice, superstitions, and vices that you managed to suck in since your birth. Throw that away—it poisons your blood.

"My experience is that a good stomach and a good dinner, with a kind heart for others less lucky, is very apt to furnish anybody with a first-class article in the conscience line.

"Try it; it won't hurt you. I found it a very good specific, and can cheerfully recommend it to every honest seeker after truth.

"The main question is to secure the three necessary requisites—a good stomach, a good

dinner, and a kind heart. The first is amply represented among tramps, and the last is not altogether wanting; but I must confess that the second—a good dinner—is often quite sorely missing.

“Happy those that possess the first and the second, for they can easily acquire the third.

“Conscience is, after all, but the condensed sum-total of our moral experiences, measured by that standard of perfect good, that our ability, education, and circumstances have enabled us to establish for ourselves. And, as every man is different from another in his original make-up and powers of assimilation, so there are no two consciences alike.

“Cursed, however, be the country where *selfish greed* is proclaimed as the first dogma of national conscience.

“If every Christian nabob, following to the letter the command of Jesus, were to sell all his property and distribute it to the

poor, that would doubtless scandalize and revolt the whole of Wall street ; not me, though. Nothing of the kind could hurt my feelings. I am a tramp."

PROTECTION A CRIME.

" Every man has an undoubted right to a proper enjoyment of all that Nature sets before him, and the gratification of his appetite, so far as it does no injury to himself or to anyone else.

" Whenever such enjoyment or gratification injures yourself it becomes a vice ; when it does injury to others, it becomes a crime.

" Evidently Protection is a vicious crime, since it injures you and me.

" The survival of the fittest is the great law of nature. The unfit must go or mend his ways; for poverty, sickness, or death is always before him as a standing threat of punishment for transgressions of the law.

" Any human arrangement that pretends

to equalize the unfitness of the one with the fitness of the other, by any other means than in a true spirit of love and charity, is a direct violation of a natural law, and must sooner or later meet with dire retribution.

“ Selfish greed is a poor foundation whereupon to build a solid edifice—in modern times, anyhow: but, when the equalization measure is based upon a palpable and wilful lie, how much more heinous the crime, and how much more deserved the penalty ?

“ Protectionists claim that our American population is unfit to manufacture anything except through the assistance of the government.

“ Everybody knows this to be a lie on its face; for no modern nation in the world has shown more inventive genius in all classes of labor-saving machinery and tools for the easy manufacturing of every possible article in use. There are smart mechanics in every country, but they sometimes lack the necessary capital. How is it here?

"Let us look a little closer to the facts. Massachusetts has 173 savings-banks, with a per capita of deposits amounting to \$155.96; Rhode Island shows the highest average, namely, \$196 for every man, woman, child, servant, and tramp in the whole State; Connecticut reports \$156.45, and New Hampshire \$146.46. These are the highest averages of any States in the Union and in the world. The above States are largely devoted to manufactures—more so than any other New England States, and still more so than the Middle and Western States. They are therefore the most protected, and still clamoring for more Protection because more unfitted for the fabrication of any article unless assisted by a tax on every citizen at large.

"The assertion that our shrewd Yankee brethren, with more patented inventions and more capital per head than any state or nation in the world, are in actual and continual need of assistance to thrive in

their occupations is so absurd that its mere statement is its own refutation.

“To call this ‘The American System of Protection’ reminds me of the answers two ugly-looking tramps gave me yesterday. I asked one of them :

“‘What is your trade?’

“‘I am in the fire and burglar proof safe business,’ was the answer.

“‘In what department?’

“‘In the testing-department of goods sold and delivered.’

“‘Do you work on salary?’

“‘No, on commission.’

“‘What percentage do you earn?’

“‘When not interrupted by intruders, the percentage is unlimited; in the other case it is mighty uncertain.’

“‘And you?’ asked I of the other.

“‘I am a bank-examiner.’

“‘What, appointed by the comptroller of the currency?’

“‘No; I am of the volunteer kind, and

examine only after business hours, when the thieving and scheming bank officials are gone.'

"' You mean gone to Canada.'

"' Oh, no; in that case I give up the examination, and pass on.'

"' Excuse me, gentlemen,' said I, 'but I believe that you are nothing else but common burglars.'

"' Oh, shut up now,' exclaimed they; 'who would use such vulgar expressions?'

"I presume that the platform-carpenters simply meant the American system of *robbery*, but who would use such vulgar expressions, you know? As a euphemism, 'American System of Protection' is good."

"A system creating but poor tramps and nabobs,

A system that three-fourths of our grand country
robs,

Is worse by far than war or the direst infection.

Pinkerton!

Protection!

"The price of wheat is set by India's barbarian,
And Eastern men import Chinese and Hungarian

To supplant our workman. Oh, what a reflection !

Pinkerton !

Protection !

"When workingmen rally to vindicate their right,

'Tis a mob, and forsooth must be put down on sight ;

But to rob us through Trusts and the vilest defection—

Pinkerton !

Protection !

"Thirty years are now since the war measure passed,

And still we can't see how much longer it will last.

They'd start a war to-day just to gain an election.

Pinkerton !

Protection !

"Yes, protected enough we should be by this time,

When millions are breadless in our bounteous clime,

Where never should have flourished the free-booting section.

Pinkerton !

Protection !

“They peopled Chicago with hungry Socialists,
And Pennsylvania reeks with bloody Anarchists.
What say you, Harrison? What say you, Morton?
Pinkerton! Protection!

“Who to jobs and monopolies always have
pandered?
And who in our midst raised the blood-red
standard?
Will Morton disclose? No, he has an objection.
Pinkerton! Protection!”

MORAL PROTECTION;**OR,****SALVATION FOR VALUE RECEIVED.**

“To do good without hope of fee or reward is hardly satisfactory to most of the so-called Christian leaders of to-day. Some say, ‘Do good works, that you may earn your salvation.’ Others say: ‘The blood of Christ has redeemed you: all you need is to believe, no matter what else you may do or not do.’ Others combine a little of both prescriptions.

" In all cases there is a kind of trade or value received in exchange for the shadow of a future something. In all cases man manages to put his God on a lower level than any decent human being. A man that allows himself to be bribed for favors is, with right, generally despised ; how much more a God, a Father, who does not seem to care for his own children except for value received ? The boodle trick seems to be as old as the world.

" This supremely Jewish idea, that, as you have to pay man for his services, so nothing could be obtained from God without also paying for it, was the cunning invention of ancient priestcraft. They loved fine fruit, roast meat, corn, oil, and wine, and persuaded the people that those very articles were just such as were wanted by the Almighty, and, as He of course was entitled to the premises, the cream, the very first of all kinds, it is exactly what they got always. On certain occasions, of course,

a part of the offering was publicly burned or ‘libated,’ with appropriate ceremonies for show, to satisfy the fools that some part of the sacrifice was actually offered, and not all devoured by the priesthood and their children.

“In order to awaken a wholesome fear, a hope of some extraordinary things to come had to be invented, for, as Milton well remarks, ‘Where no hope is left, there is no fear.’

“That sublimely ridiculous idea that God has to be bribed, satisfied, atoned, reconciled by sacrifices, vows, churches, chapels, altars, etc., has caused, and is still causing, more misery and crime than is generally conceded. The death of Abel is the first striking example of it, and the priestly historian, whoever he might have been, was very careful to note that God’s wrath is not of the red-hot kind with free-givers of offerings, since Cain, the murderer of his only brother, is merely condemned to travel and given a safe-guard in

the shape of a sign upon his brow, that nobody dare kill him. How many other travellers since that time would gladly have availed themselves of such a universal pass! But they had offered no sacrifice, and killed no brother, you know.

“It is to be hoped that the railroad managers and custom-house officers of the world will remain satisfied with the usual bribes, and will not insist upon the fratricide as a necessary prerequisite for the granting of a pass.

“This religious tariff was very moderate, being in all ages generally limited to 10 per cent, or one tenth of all the products; while our ‘protective tariff’ averages nearly 50 per cent. One tenth was enough to save the souls and satisfy greedy priests, but one half will to-day hardly reach to satisfy the appetite of your infant Yankee robber.

“From the offering of a few of the best fruits of the land upon the alter, to the bleeding victims—doves, lambs, calves, and

steers—it took but one step, and a further one to the sacrifices of children and captives. Even Abraham is one day preparing to slaughter his only son, and, many centuries later, Christ, having been executed by a mob, is at once jumped at as the necessary victim for the grand final bloody atonement.

“ Think for a moment of a father bribing himself by allowing the murder of his son ! think of a God of mercy and love allowing His innocent and beloved Son to be killed to satisfy His justice !

“ How can injustice satisfy justice ? crime satisfy virtue ? murder satisfy love ?

“ Suppose that I were the Almighty God, and had created for my own satisfaction a houseful of little sun-systems and planets of the size of small peas, and peopled their little surfaces with millions upon millions of microscopic animals of different forms and sizes, and among them a class of specially intelligent bacilli, that were doing any amount of very cunning tricks and having no end of

fun, killing and eating all others, and even often slaughtering their own kin by the wholesale. Is it conceivable that I should order my only beloved son, if I have any, to be transformed into one of those microscopic animalculæ, for the simple purpose of having him killed by them, to keep me from throwing one of my peas into the fire or to save from annihilation the few little animals that perchance ever happened to hear the strange story and to believe it?

“And, supposing the thing had occurred on one of my smallest peas, as an absolute necessity, ‘to satisfy my sense of justice,’ what of the other millions upon millions of peas, that I have created and peopled likewise? Would not that same sense of justice require millions upon millions of similar little atonements upon the other millions of little worlds, or peas?

“What an absurd comedy, anyhow, if I am almighty, omnipotent!

“If I had to repeat the atonement on every

one of my peas, that beloved son of mine might get tired of that business in the long run, and perhaps exclaim one day: ‘Dad, that moral protection scheme of yours is a humbug after all. I pay the full tariff with my life-blood and it does not seem to do a bit of good. Selfish greed is on top worse than ever. These Yankee sharks, with the world’s reputation of being my strictest followers, still continue to rob the poor and to slaughter the innocents as if nothing had happened. They say that I paid the duty and penalty for all their sins and that they believed it, that being the only condition we put in the bargain, and that ends that business. Being thus protected, they claim license as freebooters against all others, and who is going to stop them?’

“I might get tired, myself, of creating and recreating millions upon millions of Judases, Pilates, Caiaphases, and such unsavory villains, and soon get ashamed of myself for doing no better. Is not the Creator respon-

sible for his creations and creatures? By what somersault of logic will any one prove the reverse?

‘ Or, is perhaps that atonement made upon one of my smallest peas and unknown to all others, sufficient for all? And, if sufficient, even when unknown to most of them, where comes the faith part of it?

“ Ha! that old atonement theory is nothing but an absurd offspring of the immoderate vanity and asinine ignorance of men; that same old vanity and ignorance that held our little planet for the grand centre and final aim of creation; that same vanity and ignorance that looked upon the stars as so many lights for our special benefit like wax tapers in a ball-room; that same vanity and ignorance that created, in imagination, gods, fairies, and goblins for the special service of those most important animals, men; that same vanity and ignorance that shed torrents of human blood, slaughtered, crucified, and burned at the stake, because of a

slight variation in religious or political belief; that same vanity and ignorance that invented witches, ghosts, hell, and the Devil to scare nervous women and frail children; that same vanity and ignorance that turned a most unjust and infamous crime, the crucifixion of Jesus, into a divine necessity; that ever handy argument of tyrants and creed of slaves.

“Vanity and ignorance!

“Talk to me about the power of virtue and knowledge; it is all humbug. Open the history of mankind at any page you please: vanity and ignorance always take the cake. It is so much easier to believe, than to learn or to know.

“Besides, men are so constructed that, if nobody will cheat them, they absolutely insist upon doing it themselves.

“They make such a big fuss about Jesus Christ dying for the whole human family. With a due deference to His most noble and eminent qualities, I fail to see anything

specially great about that. Thousands, millions of people have died for others—for their parents, for their children, for their families, for this or that idea—even animals will die in defence of their offspring. Very probably some poor devil of a soldier is every day dying for what he loves to call his country, his king, or his emperor. How many firemen of our cities, miners, or railroad-men die at their post of duty, that others' lives may be saved or made comfortable—and not much noise about it, either? Very few of them, too, have any positive hope of future reward, and still they cheerfully die for others.

"What is life, anyhow? Is it worth so much? We all must die to-day or to-morrow. But to die for others—still more *for all others*—that is a privilege to be jealous of for all eternity.

"Let the Jews come around to-morrow and crucify me, if they choose; I am ready to

lay down my life for a much less price than the salvation of the whole world.

“Would it not be worth while to die, for instance, for peace on earth and good-will among men, in fact, and not in theory alone as heretofore?

“Or for the disarmament of all standing armies?

“For the abolition of all tariffs?

“For the limitation of the right of inheritance to \$5000?

“For the limitation of fee-simple to the size of a grave, 4 by 6?

“For the abolition of wages, strikes, and litigation?

“For the establishment of a national soup bureau at every church in the land, without protection or monopoly of pews by rich people, as now, if you please?

“For the establishment of the U. S. of Europe, or of the world?

“You smile; what is the matter with you? I am a tramp.”

MY PRAYER.

"I am a tramp and a pauper, 'tis true; and I do not know but I should thank Thee for it, O Lord, from the bottom of my heart. Others, less lucky, build costly cathedrals, churches, and chapels, where they assemble at the sound of bells and the music of organs, to thank Thee that they have riches, lands, palaces, houses, mines, factories, bank and railroad stocks, position, and honors—great blessings, they call them.

"Like that other tramp, that other Son of Thine (for are we not all Thy children?), I have no home and no place to lay my head; I am a stranger and a pilgrim on this earth, knowing not whence I came nor whither I am going. I am a tramp.

"I was not asked when to be born; I shall not be asked when to die. I am in Thy hands; do with me what Thou pleaseth. Give me Thy wisdom, and learn me to understand Thy wonderful ways.

“ Why, O God, hast Thou given me *the heart of a prince, with the purse of a beggar?* ”

“ Why hast Thou filled the miser with riches and the poor with compassions? Why, after nineteen hundred years of boasted Christianity, is not every man a brother? Why is not every woman a sister of charity? Why is not every house a refuge of peace? Why is not every church an asylum for the poor? Why should I seek Thee under peaked roofs, among varnished pews and painted cheeks, when even there they must confess that Thou lovest only the humble and lowly? ”

“ How can I pray, like others, ‘ Our father, which art in heaven,’ when I know that Thou art not in heaven, but everywhere, and that Thou dwellest even in the hearts of many of those hated foreign paupers? Or ‘ hallowed be Thy name,’ when I do not know that name? I call Thee ‘ Father,’ can I give Thee a sweeter name? ”

What is more to be hallowed there? Art Thou susceptible to bribe or flattery?

“How can I pray, ‘Thy kingdom come’ as if Thou were not the only King and Supreme Ruler? Who else reigneth, I’d like to know? Or, ‘Thy will be done an earth as it is in heaven,’ as if anything could be or was ever done against Thy will here or there? Or, ‘Give us this day our daily bread,’ as if we had to remind Thee of what Thou art already doing? For, are not the hairs of our head counted, and even the sparrows not forgotten?

“How can I pray, ‘Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us,’ as if I was to show Thee, O Lord, how nice we do the thing, to induce Thee to do the same by us? Oh, what a shameful plea! Learn me rather to forgive, that I may also hope to be forgiven myself. Or, ‘Lead us not into temptation?’ on the contrary, do so, but by all means learn and help us to surmount it victoriously, like

brave and true little men. ‘Deliver us from evil ;’ this I can heartily indorse, for it is the inmost cry of every suffering creature.

“Deliver us from the evil of Protection, that robs fifty-nine millions of people to enrich less than one million of men already rich.

“Learn me too feel and to know that selfish greed is an abomination in Thy eyes, and that the pauper laborers of Europe, Asia, and Africa are our brethren, just as well as Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, or Morton, and just as well when dwelling across the sea as after they have been imported into this country by greedy corporations.

“Learn me to know good from evil and to discern the hypocrite from the true, and guard me specially from that ever present sneak-thief that is continually picking our pockets, while repeatedly pointing at the ‘rebel’ in the South, or the ‘Pauper Labor,’ on the other side of the pond.

“Give us more light, O God. I seek Thy

truth from early morn till late in the night, help me find it, for even the wisest of men have surrounded it with cobwebs of profound obscurity. Nearer to Thee, my God, for I have no one else, no parents, no family, no wife, no children, no friend but Thee. I am a tramp."

PROFESSOR TRUMP'S TALE.

A WESTERN MANUFACTURER.

"YOU'LL be certainly astonished, boys, if I tell you that I was once one of those protected manufacturers so often mentioned this evening.

"I received a good mercantile education in the city of New York, and, anticipating Horace Greeley's advice, came out West to grow up with the country. I located not many hundred miles from this spot, in a wealthy community, where I found a very refined society, and married the daughter of a well-to-do old fellow, who made me a present of \$10,000 on the day of our wedding.

"I had a little money of my own, and bought a flourishing wool-factory about the end of the war, considering it a splendid

bargain. The tariff had just been in force a few years, and was about to be raised some on wool and woollen goods. Everybody was agreeing that, in consequence, I was bound to make a fortune in a very short time.

"After repeated family consultations, two brothers-in-law of mine, both having married sisters of my wife and received each the same dower as I, concluded to enter into partnership with me and enlarge the business. The one was a physician already in fair circumstances, with a large practice, a nice residence, some of the best located real-estate in the suburbs, and any amount of notes, mortgages, and money in bank; the other was one of the leading merchants, owning, besides his store and residence, several valuable farms in the vicinity. They put in about \$30,000, besides what I had already in the concern. Somehow or another, Protection did not seem to protect me a bit; my goods were always undersold, and I actually met with continuous losses.

"Never did I work harder in my life. My partners insisted that I should spend a season East, in a similar establishment, to be thoroughly initiated in all the fine tricks of the trade. I did so, and, when I returned, they put in another \$30,000 in the enterprise, and I borrowed from my father-in-law to keep in line with them. The tariff on wool-lens had just been considerably augmented, and there was no longer a doubt that we must now succeed. I lived as economically as possible, and so did my partners; in fact, they never had stinted themselves to such an extent before. Our working capital being soon exhausted, they mortgaged all they had to keep the mills afloat. A few years more and they were both bankrupt. Their private property hardly reached to satisfy secured debtors; others got nothing.

"Unable to stand the disgrace, the merchant disappeared West with his entire family, and has never been heard from. The doctor died quite mysteriously shortly after-

wards. I always suspected that he killed himself by slow degrees in a way known only to himself; but it remained a suspicion.

"I was left alone with the factory and machinery mortgaged for double its value, and no money to run it. Creditors did not trouble me; on the contrary, everybody seemed anxious to help me. I must confess that these brave Western people were actually so generous that they made up a purse to help me out of scrapes. Everybody seemed to like me, in spite or because of my misfortunes. I jogged along with as little success as ever, and was about giving up the ghost when I met a young German, raised in the same business, who had just landed with a very nice little pile of money. He was a splendid manager, and had his trade at his finger's ends. I made a clean breast of my sad experiences, hiding nothing from him. He looked at it this way, he looked at it that way, and, after much consideration, came to the positive conclusion

that, with a tariff of 85 per cent, as it was then, the enterprise must succeed if properly managed, and that he proposed to do himself, by going, right away, in partnership with me.

"We put in new, improved machinery, and both worked like beavers, living so economically that even our friends and neighbors were passing cute remarks about our greediness and love of money.

"Two years more of 'Protection' cleaned us out; but our conduct had been so straight and proper that our credit was good yet. The local bank, conducted by gentlemen of more generosity than business sense, undertook to save us and advanced another \$30,000. Where it went, I don't really know. It seemed to float away, dwindle, and vanish like smoke in the air, leaving nothing behind. We came mighty near bursting that bank then and there, for they were still willing to advance us some more funds. But I called

a halt—I had enough. We turned all we had over to the bank and quit.

“That identical business had been successful—on a small scale, to be sure—before the war, with no govermental assistance; and now, with a tariff averaging 80 per cent, during twelve years of Protection we had swamped over \$100,000 and made a failure of it, having nothing in the world to show for the out-lay except perhaps half a dozen bankrupt families, a few premature graves, and lots of disappointed and deluded friends.

“I inquired about and found that it was the same all over the West, where every small factory had been compelled to succumb.

“My partner, such a model young man as he had been, lost all courage and went to drinking.

“My dear little wife took in sewing for a living, any I started North in search of a situation, that I have not found yet; neither do I ever expect to find any. One cold

morning I read in the papers that my wife had died a few days after my departure, and had been buried at the expense of a few charitable friends. That settled my hash. We had no children ; otherwise I might have braced up and concluded to work for them, or at least to devote my remaining days to their welfare. God had decided differently. Victims enough for one family.

“ Such is life—yesterday a hopeful, wealthy, happy young man ; to-day a desperate tramp.”

HOW PROTECTION ACCOMPLISHED IT.

“ To tell the truth, boys, I always thought that I was no fool, and people took care to tell me so ; but I be dogged if I could understand it. I studied and studied, and the more I studied the less I seemed to know. I might have lived and died several times, if that were possible, without ever solving that mystery if chance had not come to my assistance a couple of years ago.

“ I was in Chicago ; got scooped in by the

cops and given twelve hours to leave the city. There had been a big fire the day before among some immense wholesale stores ; and, as I passed along the street, they were clearing up and carting away piles of rubbish—charred remains of shelving, boxes, and papers. I picked up a letter, partly soaked in black mud ; opened it ; read it once, read it twice, and nearly fainted on the spot. What do you think it contained ? I know it by heart. Listen :

“ HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES
WOOLLEN-SHARK’S TRUST.

(*Confidential.*)

AUGUST, 1867.

“ GENTLEMEN : Please find inclosed revised price-list of woollens as agreed by the Eastern Woollen-Mills Association.

“ You will notice a slight advance on former prices, to offset which we offer you, as a special inducement, a discount of 50 per cent on all goods sold and shipped to cities

and towns within the radius of 20 miles from any Western wool-factory, to enable your customers to undersell the local concern.

“ This reduction to remain in force until the said factory is definitively closed, and for six months thereafter, when a discount of 25 per cent will be allowed for the following year, to enable you and your customers to gradually return to schedule prices.

“ Our special agents shall call on you twice a year to verify and check such special accounts.

“ It is unnecessary to remind you that it is in your interest, as well as in ours, to keep this strictly confidential.

“ Awaiting your early orders, we remain,

“ Yours truly,

“ TARIFF SHARK, President.’

“ That letter was a big lantern to me, I tell you. I saw it all at once. I saw also that the wholesale slaughter of so many hundreds of small concerns had contributed in no small

degree to the financial depression and ruin of so many hundreds of Western communities ; and that, at the same time, the process, if successful, had also been quite expensive and costly for the Eastern combination, and did in a manner explain and excuse their persistent efforts for the retention of the high tariff. Unnatural and forced measures generally act as boomerangs against their own inventors.

“ The high tariff, in shutting out the competition of English, German, French, and Dutch cloth and woollens, made a combine possible ; and thus, what was apparently instituted to benefit the Western woollen manufacturers, caused their ultimate ruin.

“ I see also very plain that, in this our Great Free Republic, our own government has become, *nolens volens*, the involuntary associate and tool of an army of Shylocks and robbers.

“ ‘ Trusts are private affairs, with which nobody has any particular right to interfere,’ says the plumed clown—of course. One,

two, three ! now you see it; one, two, three ! now you don't."

AN INTERMEZZO.

"I know now, why they call you 'Professor,'" said Slim Jim: "you talk like a book, and even mix some Latin morsels with it. I must admit that your very concise story is quite remarkable; but people won't believe it—not even in the town where it all happened before their very eyes. I know my Republican friends. We just ask them, 'Who would believe a Democrat?' and that settles it. Even if some one should insist, and remark, 'I was there myself, and saw it with my own eyes,' we need only to reply, 'Hush up, keep quiet! you are hurting the party,' and the fellow will go to the next corner and swear it was all a Democratic campaign lie.

"And now to your Latin. I went to college, myself, and remember one of the boys drawing, on the first blank page of his Virgil,

a gallows with a man suspended from it and the following stanza :

“ ‘ Hic vides Johnny hanging,
 Qui librum not returning.
 If Johnny redivisset,
 To the gallows non inviset.’

“ How is that for high? Can you beat that, Pat? ”

“ I do not know much about Latin,” replied Pat, shortly; “ but if you care to hear an Irish song, I’ll give it to you.”

“ All right. Go ahead. Lets hear it” was the answer, and, with a splendid baritone voice and deeply felt sentiment, Pat intoned the following :

“ ‘ I’ll seek a four-leav’d shamrock
 In all the fairy dells,
 And, if I find the charmèd leaves,
 Oh, how I’ll weave my spells !
 I would not waste my magic might
 On diamond, pearl, or gold ;
 For treasures tire the weary sense—
 Such triumph is but cold.

But I would play th' enchanter's part
In casting bliss around;
Oh, not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found.'"

And all four joined, repeating, in chorus,
with increased feeling :

" " Oh, not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found.' "

The angels in heaven, if there are any,
must have listened with bated breath and
looked down with wonderful emotion at the
four despised Pariahs of the proud American
civilization, in tattered rags but with hearts
of gold, praying, in their simple, sweet song,
that—

" " Not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found.' "

After the echoes of the chorus had slowly
died away in the depth of the nearest forest,
silence reigned for a few moments, as if
every one was passing in review the feelings
aroused in his breast by Pat's beautiful song.

Slim Jim was the first to break the spell, by exclaiming,

"Give us your hand, Pat Shorty; your singing has wonderfully affected me. I feel like crying, and shouting for joy at the same time. If you have not found the 'four-leav'd Shamrock' yet, you must be next to it as a magician, sure. And now, I would like to hear what Jake Trueheart is thinking about just this very minute."

"What I was thinking about," said Jake, as if awakening from a far-away dream, "what I was thinking about? Well, I was just thinking of my mother and of the last birthday of mine, that I spent with her, when she presented me with a pretty little album, on the first page of which she had written something over her dear little signature, and I was trying to remember the very words. It is a long, long time, many, many years ago, and I saw it all plain before my eyes in full reality just now. Let me see.

Oh, I have it. Here is what she wrote in soft little characters :

“‘FOR MY BOY:
Do scorn to scorn,
Do hate to hate,
Do love to love;
But fear to fear
Aught but Thy God.’”

“Oh, ho !” said Pat; “no wonder, if your mother wrote that for you. That explains much that was unexplained yet. You must have followed in her steps rather early, for that is just you, word for word.”

“Ta, ta, ta ! far from the mark,” retorted Jake. “Often, I concede, have I tried to engrave those sentences upon the walls of my heart, but, alas ! how often do I find myself caught up by some uncontrollable forces, that involuntarily carry me back where I do not want to go. Oh, that some one would unfold to me the mysterious laws of Nature that bind the flesh to the spirit or the soul to the body ! Professor, won’t you have the kind-

ness to go on and to let us hear something more about your very interesting experiences?"

"With much pleasure," said Trump. "Pass me the grog, if you please; and, since you insist on calling me 'Professor,' you shall have a regular lecture, and, my regards all around, here it is:

THE LAW OF CONTRASTS.

"Living in open air, as I do, I have occasion to see and admire many things in nature that escape the observation of most men. In the brook, on the edge of the lake, in the swamp, on the hill, in the forest, among the rocks I could spend ten lives, if I had them, in reading the grand book of God's works, and never tire of learning its sublime revelations.

"Thus, for instance, I perceive everywhere a great law of extremes, contrasts, or compensation, that might be feebly compared to a pair of scales, the swinging of the

pendulum, or to electric and magnetic poles. Our whole life is passed between extremes. The earth has two opposite poles; the mathematical line and every stick, two ends; optics has light and darkness; caloric, heat and cold; chemistry, two principal groups of alkalies and acids; dynamics, gravitation and centrifugal force; living organisms, contraction and relaxation; theology, God and Devil; justice, right and wrong; morality, virtue and vice; wisdom, good and evil; politics, liberty and law; ethics, right and duties; men, animals and plants, two opposite sexes, etc.

“Everybody knows that there is a certain affinity or co-relationship between extremes, that causes them to attract or repulse each other, and, under certain circumstances--probably when properly adapted according to a formula yet unknown to us--to join, mix, blend, or melt in such a manner that new forms, new substances, even new individualities are created, such as the colors of the prism,

the many valuable combinations of chemistry, the fruits and seeds of plants, the eggs and germs of animals, etc.

"I see some of you smiling and saying to yourselves, 'Look at the foolish old tramp. How can he combine the extreme ends of the mathematical line of a stick and give us new forms to contemplate?' Hold on, boys; nothing is easier than that. Look at both ends of the line curving equally in the same plane until they meet; what have we now? The circle, a most useful and beautiful figure of geometry. A stick curved in the same manner gives us the hoop—a most useful article also, the parent of the wheel, that acknowledged emblem of civilization. I might go on and show that a slight deviation of plane in the curving process gives us the spiral spring, the screw, and other equally useful contrivances.

"But what of right and wrong, good and evil, God and the Devil, are you going to say? Oh, now, what do we know but

that they are moral synonyms of light and darkness? Can we conceive light and no shadow? Our experience is that the stronger the light, the darker the shadow. What is shadow but the absence of light, and evil but the absence of good? What do we know but that evil is the necessary shadow of good?

“And still what beautiful combinations light and shadow produce in a thousand pictures every day before our eyes!

“As to God and the Devil, the word God is evidently related to good; while for the true origin of the word Devil, cut off three times the first letter and you have it,—devil, evil, vile, ill,—showing that it was originally intended to convey the idea of a diseased moral state only, opposed to good or well-being; while Deus and Deuce have the identical same root.

“The Peruvians had a distinct dualism: the Sun, God of life and good; Supay, God of death and evil. The Aztecs wor-

shipped two brothers: Good and Evil, Haitzilopotchli and Tetzkallipoka. The Iroquois made Good and Evil brothers. The Greenlanders make them male and female, husband and wife. Bjelbog and Czernebog are the Good and Evil of the Slavs.

“The Pagans of Madagascar believe in both, but worship only Evil. Here is a translation of one of their queer hymns:

“‘Zamhor and Niang created the world.
To Thee, O Zamhor, we offer no prayer—
The God of all Goodness, Thou needest none;
But Niang, the Evil, to him we bow—
Must soothe and must soften the wicked Niang.

“‘O Niang, evil and mighty, we pray thee,
Turn from us all the blast of the thunder;
Let not the sea overflow from its deeps;
Leave us the gifts that Zamhor has given.
Great art Thou, Niang, the ruler of Evil.’

“There is some sense in that. We ought to send our preachers to Madagascar to study logic in theology.

“The true God of the thinker is above all these conceptions—neither the God of Good, nor of Evil, but the Supreme Creator of both, the First Source of the Eternal Laws that govern nature.

“Extremes meet, is the popular acknowledgement of the workings of the law of contrasts; but before, until, and while they meet, continual vibrations or alternate pulsations (of attractive and repulsive forces) seem to be exerting themselves in a sort of compensatory way, towards a perfect equilibrium or rest, that is never but momentarily attained to be soon again disturbed.

“Take two chemical substances of different classes and, having the affinity required, throw them together. You have a new substance resembling neither of the others, and with entirely new properties. Sometimes the new creation is a slow process of amalgamation; sometimes it is instantaneous and accompanied with dreadful explosion. Often the compensating vibrations, heretofore

mentioned, are interfered with by outside influences either beneficially or adversely; often they appear ill-calculated or over-reaching the aim; sometimes they seem even to elbow each other madly in turbulent, rushing waves, and quite often what we please to call 'fatal perturbations' occur.

"Volumes could be filled with the subject without exhausting it, for that great law lies at the very foundation of selection and evolution, and sexual love is but only one of its mysterious and most potent manifestations.

"We admire so-called instinct in animals, and pretend to believe that they are deprived of intelligence. Our surmise is evidently often wrong, but instincts are in most cases simply spontaneous manifestations of this law. It is claimed that, for instance, in the selection of a mate, sexual love, actuated by a wild, pure instinct, that will not down, in direct opposition to all usual calculations or social requirements of the world,

furnishes, as a rule, a superior class of offspring than the conventional marriages of the day.

“And here, as usual, the doctors disagree. Some claim that the laws of heredity ought to be fathomed down to the very bottom, and when the adaptability of opposite temperaments is scientifically proved and established, no person should be allowed to marry any one but his or her exact physical and intellectual counterpart, as a specially selected board of physicians should direct or permit.

“Others claim that the natural instincts placed by God in the breast of every being are safer guides of a good selection, if allowed fair play, than the theoretical teachings of any man or set of men that seldom see any further than the end of their noses.

“I claim that enlightened but absolute liberty is the proper adjunct of the law.

“I have often seen the finest set of children raised in families where the parents

showed the most extraordinary contrasts in their physical and mental make-up.

"On the other side, how often do we meet with married couples of the same class and physical build, so very much alike, indeed, that everybody involuntarily exclaims, 'How nicely they do match.' But they have no children—or, if any, only small, tender, etiolated, short-lived weaklings.

"The number of children dying before the age of ten is just fearful,—mortality due principally to the absurd fashions, customs, and notions regulating our so-called lawful marriages. The slaughter of the innocents is daily going on, blindly and systematically planned before they are born. Not only the temperaments, sanguine, bilious, nervous, lymphatic, encephalic, etc., as they are commonly called, but bone systems, large or small; muscle systems, long and dry, or short and plump, and also the sexuality of persons (for there is such a thing as a masculine female or a feminine

male) are seeking their natural contrast, adaptation, or affinity by the divine instinct called true love. But man, civilized man, that smart monkey, regulates everything for his selfish, greedy interest, and generally with fatal effect. And so it happens that ambition, wealth, rank, title, interest, a love of fine dresses, of luxury, of independence, anger, disappointment, want, necessity, duty, obligation, indebtedness, imitation, are the usual cursed motives of marriages.

“A woman who knows, says: ‘When we are girls, boys never leave before midnight; when we are married, husbands never return before midnight. I suppose this is the law of compensation, and must be submitted to.’

“In the domain of thoughts the same law prevails as in physical nature. The history of religious development is a continuous revelation of that law, and political progress is but a successive repetition of one extreme in conflict with another.

“The oppression of the American colonies dictated the Declaration of Independence. In France the excesses of the Reign of Terror prepared the ground for the Napoleonic empire, while its own intemperance brought about a general reaction.

“Slavery was guaranteed by the United States Constitution, and very few persons forty-odd years ago dared hope its early abolition. The slave-power knew it too well, became arrogant and overbearing, soon even pretending to dictate terms to the whole country, and, when things did not take a turn to suit it, took up arms and claimed the right to withdraw from the Union. That settled it. The other extreme, heretofore an insignificant minority, seemed to grow like a whirlwind, and in less than three years slavery was doomed—a thing never dreamt of before, not even by the so-much-praised Lincoln.

“Out of the conflict of both antagonistic elements the Union rose, more glorious and

more powerful than ever—the wonder of modern times.

“Neither John Brown, nor Greeley, nor Wendell Phillips, nor Lincoln, nor their numerous followers, but Jeff Davis and his hot-blooded Southern associates, were the first true instigators of emancipation.

“Had they remained quite and moderate, they never could have been molested; although very probably the slavery might have been abolished by slow degrees, perhaps by the Southerners themselves, but without the tremendous loss of life and property to both sides.

“I venture to predict that the refusal of Home Rule to Ireland will invariably culminate in the overthrow of constitutional monarchy in Great Britain.

“It is the same thing now with the high-tariff manufacturers. Their very best friends are the tariff-reformers and not the Chinese-Wall-builders of the Chicago convention. Some people seem to take a special delight

in themselves, sharpening the knife that will some day cut their own throat. With the cheap labor that is imported to push aside our dissatisfied workingmen, came the Anarchist, the Socialist, the Communist, spreading dangerous, wild, and contagious notions among the lower classes of the people, never thought of on this continent before.

"If ever Free-trade is established by the United States, it will be due only and solely to the unreasonably extreme advocates of Protection—Pig-iron Kelly and consorts.

"The near future may witness the most extraordinary combination of Protectionists, Prohibitionists, and Socialists, claiming in unison the right of the state to regulate, not only the sale (as is now done by the tariff), but the manufacture, of certain articles, and to prohibit them at pleasure (as is now done by Iowa and Kansas for beer, wine, and liquors); while, on the other hand, the old common-sense Democracy shall have again to fight for the freedom of the individual.

"Socialism in its most insidious form, corporations, stock associations, monopolies, pools, trusts are crowding individualism inch by inch out of modern society. Union Leagues, Knights of Labor, Trades Unions, Grand Army clubs—even churches and lodges of all sorts and denominations—are also forms of Socialism, and of the most dangerous kind, when meddling in politics.

"It is not so much what they do, or aim to do, that is pernicious; for a great majority of their members are, without a doubt, individually honest, patriotic, and well-meaning enough. But it is the natural result of their clannish association, a certain *esprit de corps*, the pride of closely bonded friends (we are all human), that is full of perils for the country.

"'How can the Pope be coquetting with the Knights of Labor?' Why not? Do they not both aim to destroy the independence of individualism—the first as an end, the last as a means?

“Individuals have a heart or a soul to which you may appeal; corporations, churches, lodges, pools, trusts have none.

“Collective selfish greed and worship of the almighty dollar are adorning the altars of all these incipient forms of Socialism; but the *civilization of the heart* is left too far behind.

“I like to find one, two, three good men: I do not care to meet an army of them. When men congregate into crowds, mobs, and armies, they are too often apt to shout ‘Hosanna’ to-day and ‘Crucify him’ to-morrow; in most cases devoting their concentrated energies to rob and murder at leisure—and the larger the mob, the more atrocious the murders and robberies.

“Society, taken as a mass, is too often wrong: it takes the individual to redeem the race.

“We are probably on the threshold of a grand conflict between Socialism and Individualism. It may last some time,—several

generations perhaps,—but, according to the great law mentioned, it may result in a new creation, possibly better than either of its parents, created itself for future conflicts in the grand progress of the human family, until the civilization of the heart shall be so far advanced that pure Anarchism, or no government at all, shall have become the end and result.

“ Nine tenths of the evils of the world are caused by a disregard of this great law of contrasts and compensation.

“ To obtain comparative quiet, everything must be evenly counterbalanced, and one-sided extremes avoided. Perfect rest may then be properly relegated to the realms of paradise or of the grave, according to whether the mood of the thinker is inclined to be of the hopeful or of the cadaverous kind.

“ The law being that one extreme attracts or calls for another extreme, *moderation* appears therefore to be the very essence of virtue.

"A true gentleman, be he a king or a tramp, is a law unto himself, avoids extremes and cultivates *moderation*.

"Humbly kneeling before God, boldly standing before man, I am a tramp, and don't you forget."

CONTINUOUS CHANGE IS LIFE.

"A man cannot always work; he must rest. Even a tramp cannot always rest and sleep; he must stretch out and give himself some exercise, or he'll be sure to feel uncomfortable. Every particle of our bodies is changing continually, so that, at the end of every seven years, nothing is left of the old fellow of seven years ago. When we quit changing, we die; and death itself is but another change into the life and happiness of a lower class of animals—the worms that feed equally upon the wise and the fool.

"The sun, the moon, the weather, the seasons—everything is changing daily, according to unchangeable laws; the most

sublime order is seemingly in continual disorder. That dip of the earth's axis upon the ecliptic is a mighty smart thing. None of our reverend priests, or preachers, or would-be world-benefactors could have invented it.

"They want everything stiff, straight, and square, you know. What a luck, that the Creator did not consult them !

"It is astonishing how simple, how wise, and how harmonious all His arrangements are, while all human institutions are so foolishly and wickedly wrong !

"While God's nature shows us unmistakable evidence of laws of continual, harmonious change and diversity, man, always anxious to improve upon his Maker, hankers after stability of governments, of creeds, and of social relations; and, to prove the sanctity of his ignorance, he fails not to call as witnesses and authorities all the stupid and idiotic minds of past centuries.

"If man is not a monkey, or a descendant

of such, he has to prove it yet. I am often ashamed of being a man, myself. Luckily I am not of the ordinary kind, if you please ; I am a tramp.

" We are lectured and sermoned to death about religious and political creeds, progress, Protection, Prohibition, etc.; and, when a smart speaker wants to prove his point, he recites, with great pathos, what a notable fool said some two or three thousand years ago, when the very smartest of men hardly knew anything worth knowing at all. And we are now called upon to wonder, ponder, and admire the authorities, the sayings, of people that had not the remotest idea of cotton, sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, gunpowder, printing, books, journals, steam-power, railroads, electricity, telegraphs, telephones, etc.,—nice authorities, to be sure ! Thus are the intelligent minds of modern people chained to and by the venerated sing-songs of antiquated ignorance. No wonder that the result is unsatisfactory, and that a gen-

eral sentiment of doubt, distrust, and discontent pervades humanity. Poor mortal fools! throw off your fetters and emancipate your generation. Return to Mother Nature, and read, yourself, with modern eyes, what she has to say.

"Society has often a hard time of it to adapt its laws and customs to the wants of the moment; for arts and sciences progress much quicker than all laws and regulations. Thus it happens that we are quite often confronted with time-honored, antiquated customs and laws that have outlived their usefulness, but are still so deeply rooted and venerated on account of old age that it seems a sacrilege and a blasphemy to express even a doubt of their continued adaptation or practicability.

"Look at the Treasury surplus and the tariff question. Everybody knows that the U. S. Government is too rich by about one hundred and thirty millions, and the great majority of the people too poor by several

hundred millions. This seems to be a simple problem upon which all fair-minded persons might as easily agree as that twice two makes four. But, no. Nearly one half of the people, an entire political party, says emphatically: ‘No. The surplus shall not be lessened, neither shall the tariff. As rational and justifiable as it may appear, we won’t allow that change.’

“Would it not be just as good policy, after all, to assist them in driving the country to the hot place, and to shout, with the rabid Socialist: ‘*Vogue la galère. Après nous le déluge.*’

“But for the sensible thinker, the seeker after truth, there is no merit in following the procession and keeping in the ‘groove, in which mediocrity is content to plod,’ for that requires no special effort of intellect or expense of thought; but to quit the crowd and tramp through briars and rocky paths to higher summits, from whence a more extended view of the road can be obtained,

is the privilege of the independent mind, anxious to know less of rotten human institutions and more of God's nature and of His wonderful ways and laws.

"I drink every day with increased rapture from that ever-changing, everlasting fountain. Here is to you. I am as happy as a big sunflower, if I am a tramp.

“‘VANITAS VANITATUM.

“From babyhood till now, in the winter of life,
When that proud mind of mine should be so
sharp and rife,
Have I toiled so hard, much knowledge to attain,
In vain?

“Did I wander in vain on Antiquity’s shore,
Seeking a few bright gems among its wondrous
lore,
Clearing tons of rubbish for one of Wisdom’s
grain,
In vain?

“Did I cram in my head English, Latin, and Greek,
German, Spanish, and French the first honors to
seek.

Toiling like a beaver the first prizes to gain,
In vain ?

“ Did I fathom in vain the bowels of Nature,
Studying her rocks and records in every feature,
With nameless wonders astonishing my brain,
In vain ?

“ Did I travel in vain among the nations of old ?
Did I notice in vain the strange things they un-
fold ?
Lauding this, blaming that, to find it was all pain
In vain ?

“ Ha ! learning is no boon ; no happiness it brought.
Wisdom is no comfort ; with sadness it is fraught.
And knowledge is, I say with bitterness again,
In vain !

“ Have I lived in vain ? How sad who so believes !
As well match a rosebud with a bunch of dead
leaves,
Once a bright rose, perhaps, now dead, and then
complain
In vain !

“ Honestly did I try to live an upright life,
Stepping bold my own path, avoiding silly strife,
Seeking justice and truth bravely to maintain,—
In vain !

“ When kneeling before God, standing before disaster,
Striving hard to follow in the steps of the Master,
How often did I try the old faith to retain ?
 In vain !

“ What is faith, but a dream ? What is hope, but a sigh—
A soul’s aspiration toward that unknown sky,
Where good and truth should dwell ? A sigh, a dream retain ?
 In vain !

“ How often did I crave some grand deed to achieve ?
Much good in secret do, that no one should perceive ?
For a sublime idea my last blood’s drop to drain ?
 In vain !

“ Have I loved in vain my neighbor’s right to plead ?
In paths of divine truth, their faltering steps to lead,
Or their rough ways to mend with manners most urbane,
 In vain ?

“ Every man a brother—so said my mother dear.
And, trusting her wisdom, I sought man without
fear,
To press him to my heart, and found in him—a
Cain.
In vain !

“ ’Tis hard to love in vain, ’tis hard in love to fail,
Of a devoted heart the deep cells to unveil,
To renounce all pleasures, from all joys to ab-
stain,
In vain !

“ ’Tis hard pure love to sow, and reap the fruits of
hate ;
To till a barren soil against a cruel fate ;
By word, sweet song, and deed, to preach feelings
humane ;—
In vain !

“ Have I prayed in vain for understanding, health,
For wisdom, and for knowledge, with their
abounding wealth ?
My sighs, my sobs, my tears, my sorrows all re-
main
In vain !

"How often did I pray for rest, or for a moment's ease !

How often did I pray my soul's hunger to appease !

My weary, wandering look seeks the turn in the lane

In vain !

"Oh, that there was an ear my complaint to receive !

Oh, that there was a heart my sadness to relieve !

Oh, that there was an eye my courage to sustain !

In vain !

"Oh, that there was a hand to guide me through the night !

Oh, that there was an arm, bold, to sustain the right !

Oh, that there was a voice to cheer me in my pain !

In vain !

"The fool prays for wisdom, the sick prays for health ;

The hungry one for meat or bread, the poor for wealth ;

Many prayed for Garfield, and many prayed for
Blaine;

In vain.

“ A nation prays in vain for the life of old Abe :
A mother prays in vain for her poor dying babe ;
A sweetheart also prays for the soldierly swain ;—
In vain.

“ They built for the martyr a monumental cave ;
And pansies are blooming over the baby’s grave ;
And the proud soldier-boy lies stretched on the
plain ;—
In vain !

“ Inexorable Fates our destiny dictate ;
We lament and we cry, despairing, desolate.
That mysterious power do we try to restrain
In vain.

“ I was brought into this world without knowing
the reason why ;
And in a like mysterious way most surely I shall
die.
Where I shall land, don’t ask. ‘Tis all, I see it
plain,
In vain.

“ ‘ I’m a straw fast running on the current of life,
Dancing upon the floods, a sharer in their strife.
How can a straw protest ? How dare a straw
complain ?
In vain.

“ ‘ That I live, that I die, nobody seems to care ;
And the worlds move along, not asking for my
fare.
And I frown and I froth, rebellious and profane,
In vain ! ’ ”

THE END.

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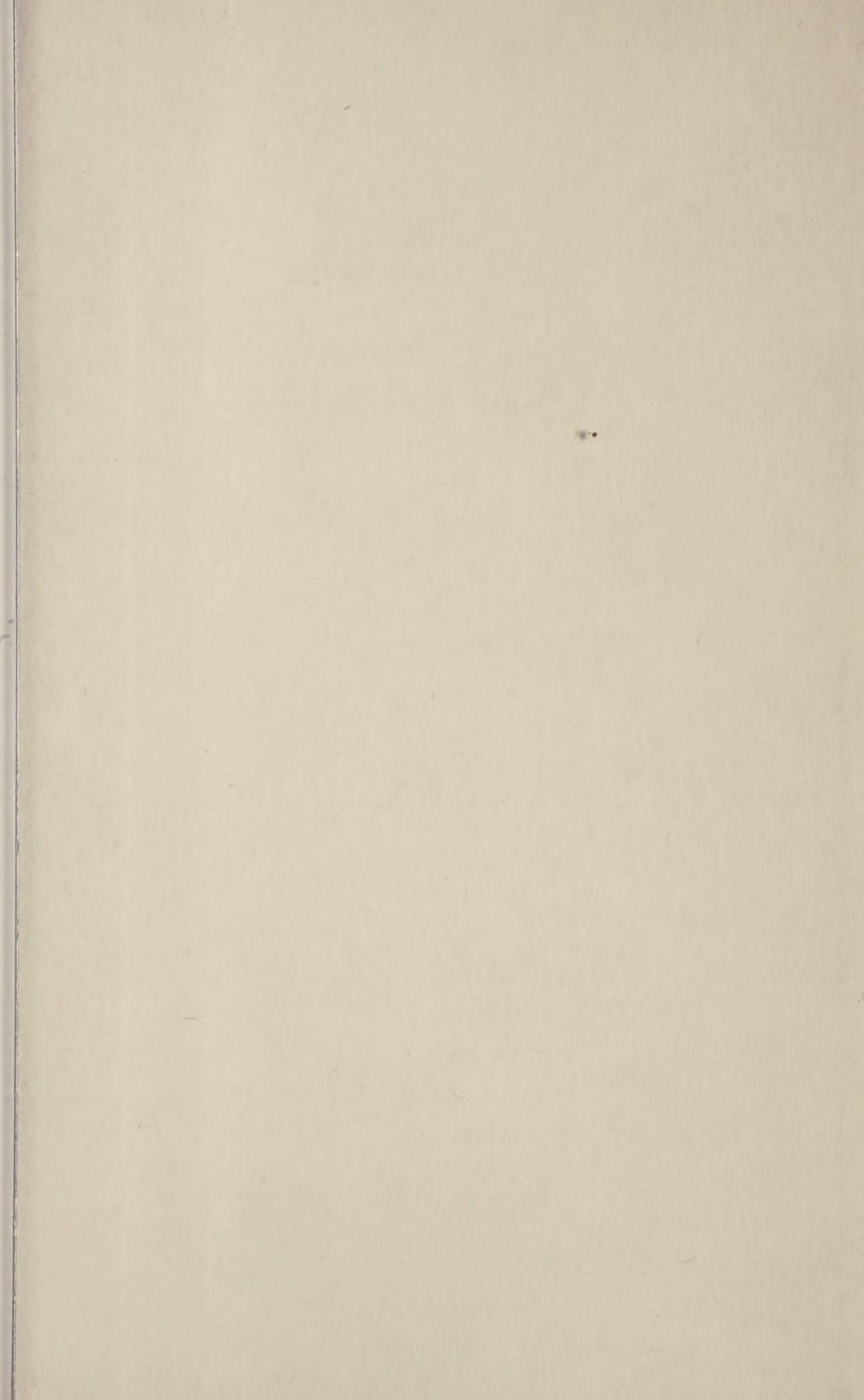
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